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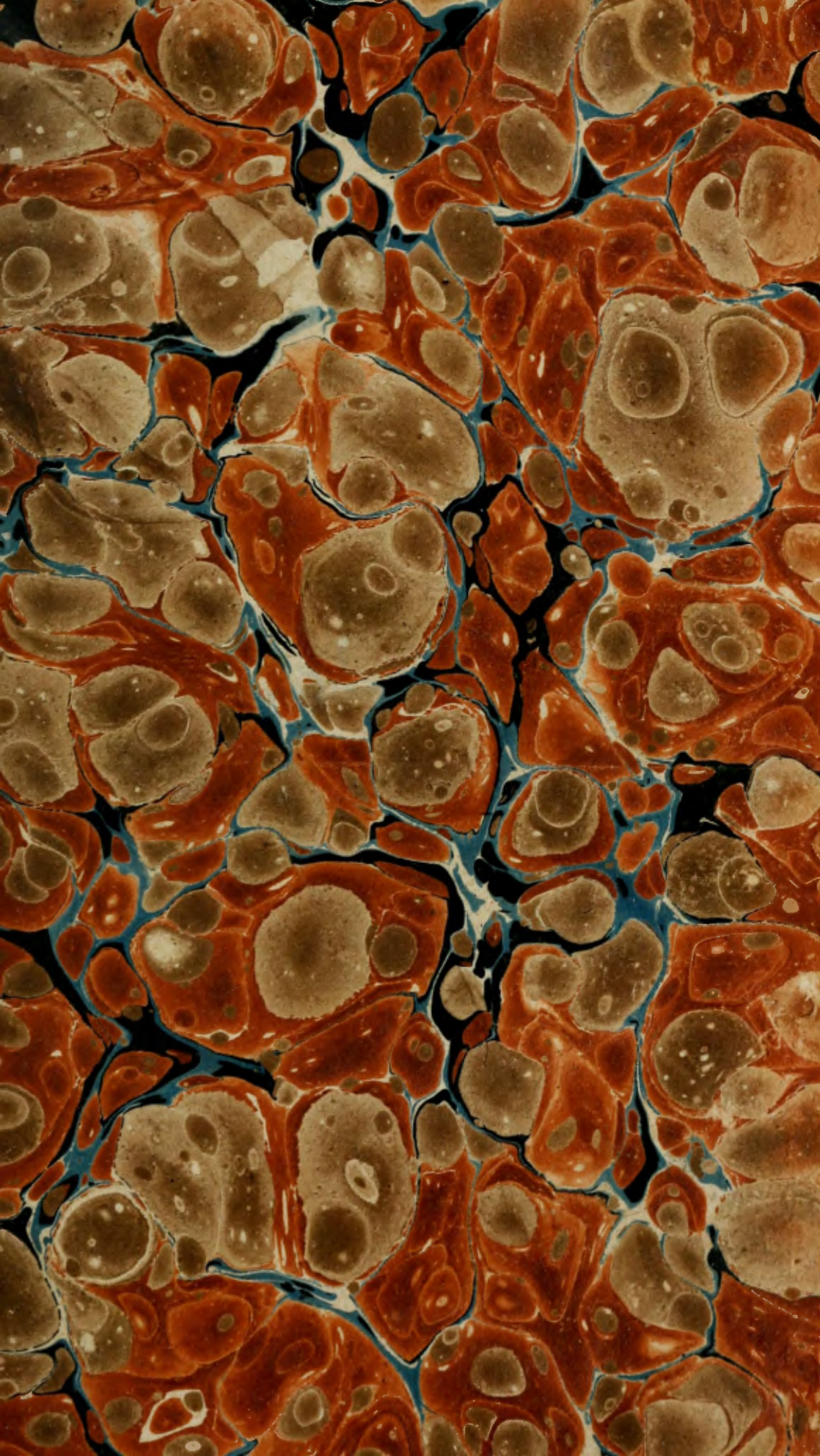

TALES OF MY LANDLORD,

COLLECTED AND ARRANGED

BY

JEDEDIAH CLEISHBOTHAM,

SCHOOLMASTER AND PARISH-CLERK OF GANDERCLEUGH.

Hear, Land o' Cakes and brither Scots,
Frae Maidenkirk to Jonny Groats',
If there's a hole in a' your coats,
I rede ye tent it,
A chiel's amang you takin' notes,
An' faith he'll prent it.
BURNS.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

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TALE II.—CONTINUED.

OLD MORTALITY.

CHAPTER I.

My hounds may a' rin masterless,
My hawks may fly frae tree to tree,
My lord may grip my vassal lands,
For there again maun I never be!

Old Ballad.

WE left Morton, along with three companions in captivity, travelling in the custody of a small body of soldiers who formed the rear-guard of the column under the command of Claverhouse, and were immediately under the charge of Serjeant Bothwell. Their route lay towards the hills in which the insurgent presbyterians were reported to be in arms. They had not prosecuted their march a quarter of a mile ere Claverhouse and Evandale gallop-

ed past them, followed by their orderlymen, in order to take their proper places in the column which preceded them. No sooner were they past than Bothwell halted the body which he commanded, and disencumbered Morton of his irons.

"King's blood must keep word," said the dragoon. "I promised you should be civilly treated so far as rested with me.—Here, Corporal Inglis, let this gentleman ride alongside of the other young fellow who is prisoner; and you may permit them to converse together at their pleasure, under their breath, but take care they are guarded by two files with loaded carabines. If they attempt an escape, blow their brains out.—You cannot call that using you uncivilly," he continued, addressing himself to Morton, "it's the rules of war, you know.—And, Inglis, couple up the parson and the old woman, they are fittest company for each other, d—n me; a single file may guard them well enough. If they speak a word of cant or fanatical nonsense, let them have a strapping with a shoul-

der belt. There's some hope of choking a silenced parson; if he is not allowed to hold forth, his own treason will burst him."

Having made this arrangement, Bothwell placed himself at the head of the party, and Inglis, with six dragoons, brought up the rear. The whole then set forward at a trot, with the purpose of overtaking the main-body of the regiment.

Morton, overwhelmed with a complication of feelings, was totally indifferent to the various arrangements made for his secure custody, and even to the relief afforded him by his release from the fetters. He experienced that blank and waste of the heart which follows the hurricane of passion, and, no longer supported by the pride and conscious rectitude which dictated his answers to Claverhouse, he surveyed with deep dejection the glades through which he travelled, each turning of which had something to remind him of past happiness and disappointed hope. The eminence which they now ascended was that

from which he used first and last to behold the ancient tower when approaching or retiring from it, and, it is needless to add, that there he was wont to pause, and gaze with a lover's delight on the battlements, which, rising at a distance out of the lofty wood, indicated the dwelling of her, whom he either hoped soon to meet or had recently parted from. Instinctively he turned his head back to take a last look of a scene formerly so dear to him, and no less instinctively he heaved a deep sigh. It was echoed by a loud groan from his companion in misfortune, whose eyes, moved, perchance, by similar reflections, had taken the same direction. This indication of sympathy, on the part of the captive, was uttered in a tone more coarse than sentimental; it was, however, the expression of a grieved spirit, and so far corresponded with the sigh of Morton. In turning their heads their eyes met, and Morton recognised the stolid countenance of Cuddie Headrigg, bearing a rueful expression, in which sorrow for his own lot was mixed

with sympathy for the situation of his companion.

"Hegh, sirs!" was the expression of the ci-devant ploughman of the Mains of Tillietudlem; "it's an unco thing that decent folk should be harled through the country this gate, as if they were a warld's wonder."

"I am sorry to see you here, Cuddie," said Morton, who, even in his own distress, did not lose feeling for that of others.

"And sae am I, Mr Henry," answered Cuddie, "baith for mysel and you; but neither of our sorrows will do muckle gude that I can see. To be sure, for me," continued the captive agriculturist, relieving his heart by talking, though he well knew it was to little purpose,—"to be sure, for my part, I hae nae right to be here ava', for I never did nor said a word against either king or curate; but my mother, puir body, couldna haud the auld tongue o' her, and we maun baith pay for't, it's like."

"Your mother is their prisoner likewise?" said Morton, hardly knowing what he said.

"In troth is she, riding ahint ye there like a bride wi' that auld carle o' a minister, that they ca' Gabriel Kettledrummle —De'il that he had been in the inside of a drum or a kettle either, for my share o' him! Ye see, we were nae sooner chased out o' the doors o' Milnwood, and your uncle and the housekeeper banging them to and barring them ahint us, as if we had had the plague on our bodies, than I says to my mother, What are we to do neist, for every hole and bore in the country will be steekit against us, now that ye hae affronted my auld leddy, and gar't the troopers tak up young Milnwood? Sae she says to me, Binna cast doun, but gird yoursel up to the great task o' the day, and gi'e your testimony like a man upon the mount o' the Covenant."

"And so I suppose you went to a conventicle?" said Morton.

"Ye sall hear," continued Cuddie.—

"Aweel, I kenn'd na muckle better what to do, sae I e'en ga'ed wi' her to an auld daft carline like hersel, and we gat some water-broo and bannocks, and mony a weary grace they said, and mony a psalm they sung, or they wad let me win to, for I was amaist famished wi' vexation. Aweel, they had me up in the grey o' the morning, and I behoved to whig awa' wi' them, reason or nane, to a great gathering o' their folk at the Miry-sikes, and there this chield, Gabriel Kettledrummle, was blasting awa' to them on the hill-side, about lifting up their testimony, nae doubt, and ganging down to the battle of Ramoth Gilead, or some sic place. Eh, Mr Henry! but the carle gae them a screed o' doctrine! Ye might hae heard him a mile down the wind—He routed like a cow in a fremd loaning.—Weel, thinks I, there's nae place in this country they ca' Roman Gilead—it will be some gate in the west moorlands; and or we win there I'll see to slip awa' wi' this mother o' mine, for I winna rin my

neck into a tether for ony Kettledrummle in the country side.—Aweel," continued Cuddie, relieving himself by detailing his misfortunes, without being scrupulous concerning the degree of attention which his companion bestowed on his narrative, "just as I was wearying for the tail o' the preaching, cam word that the dragoons were upon us—Some ran, and some cried stand, and some cried down wi' the Philistines—I was at my mother to get her awa' sting and ling or the red-coats cam up, but I might as weel hae tried to drive our auld fore-a-hand ox without the goad—de'il a step wad she budge.—Weel, after a', the cleugh we were in was strait, and the mist cam thick, and there was gude hope the dragoons wad hae missed us if we could hae held our ain tongues; but, as if auld Kettledrummle himsel hadna made din aneuch to waken the very dead, they behoved a' to skirl up a psalm that ye wad hae heard as far as Lanrick!—Aweel, to mak a lang tale short, up cam my young Lord Evandale, skelping as fast as his

horse could trot, and twenty red-coats at his back. Twa or three chields wad needs fight, wi' the pistol and the whinger in the tae hand, and the Bible in the t'other, and they got their crowns weel clowred; but there was nae muckle skaith dune, for Evandale aye cried to scatter us, but to spare life."

"And did you not resist?" said Morton, who probably felt, that, at that moment, he himself would have encountered Lord Evandale on much slighter grounds.

"Na, truly," answered Cuddie, "I keepit aye before the auld woman, and cried for mercy to life and limb; but twa o' the red-coats cam up, and ane o' them was gaun to strike my mother wi' the side o' his broad-sword—So I gat up my kebbie at them, and said I wad gi'e them as gude. Weel, they turned on me, and clinked at me with their swords, and I garr'd my hand keep my head as weel as I could till Lord Evandale cam up, and then I cried out I was a servant at Tillietudlem—ye ken yoursel he was aye judged to hae a look after the

young leddy—and he bade me fling doun my kent, and sae me and my mother yielded oursels prisoners.—I'm thinking we wad hae been letten slip awa', but Kettledrummle was ta'en near us, for Andrew Wilson's naig that he was riding on had been a dragooner lang syne, and the sairer Kettledrummle spurred to win awa', the readier the dour beast ran to the dragoons when he saw them draw up.—Aweel, when my mother and him forgathered, they set till the sodgers, and I think they gae them their kale through the reek! Bastards o' the whore of Babylon was the best words in their wame. Sae then the kiln was in a bleeze again, and they brought us a' three on wi' them to mak us an example, as they ca't."

"It is most infamous and intolerable oppression," said Morton, half speaking to himself; "here is a poor peaceable fellow, whose only motive for joining the conventicle was a sense of filial piety, and he is chained up like a thief or murderer, and likely to die the death of one, but without

the privilege of a formal trial, which our law indulges to the worst malefactor! Even to witness such tyranny, and still more to suffer under it, is enough to make the blood of the tamest slave boil within him."

"To be sure," said Cuddie, hearing and partly understanding what had broken from Morton in resentment of his injuries, "it is no right to speak evil o' dignities—my auld leddy aye said that, as nae doubt she had a good right to do, being in a place o' dignity hersel; and troth I listened to her very patiently, for she aye ordered a dram, or a sowp kale, or something to us, after she had gi'en us a hearing on our duties. But de'il a dram, or kale, or ony thing else—no sae muckle as a cup o' cauld water do thae lords at Edinburgh gie us; and yet they are heading and hanging amang us, and trailing us after thae blackguard troopers, and taking our goods and gear as if we were outlaws. I canna say I tak it kind at their hands."

"It would be very strange if you did," answered Morton, with suppressed emotion.

"And what I like warst o' a'," continued poor Cuddie, "is thae ranting red-coats coming amang the lassies and taking awa' our joes. I had a sair heart o' my ain when I passed the Mains down at Tillietudlem this morning about parritch-time, and saw the reek coming out at my ain lum-head, and kenn'd there was some ither body than my auld mither sitting by the ingle-side. But I think my heart was e'en sairer when I saw that hellicat trooper, Tam Halliday, kissing Jenny Dennison afore my face. I wonder women can hae the impudence to do sic things; but they are a' for the red-coats. Whiles I hae thought o' being a trooper mysel, when I thought naething else wad gae doun wi' Jenny—and yet I'll no blame her ower muckle neither, for maybe it was a' for my sake that she loot Tam touzle her tap-knots that gate."

"For your sake?" said Morton, unable to refrain from taking some interest in a story which seemed to bear a singular coincidence with his own.

"E'en sae, Milnwood," replied Cuddie; "for the puir quean gat leave to come near me wi' speaking the loon fair, (d—n him, that I suld say sae) and sae she bade me God speed, and she wanted to stap siller into my hand;—I'se warrant it was the tae half o' her fee and bountith, for she wared the ither half on pinners and pearlings to gang to see us shoot yon day at the popinjay."

"And did you take it, Cuddie?" said Morton.

"Troth did I no, Milnwood; I was sic a fule as to fling it back to her—my heart was ower grit to be behadden to her, when I had seen that loon slavering and kissing at her. But I was a great fule for my pains; it wad hae dune my mother and me some gude, and she'll ware't a' on duds and nonsense."

There was here a deep and long pause. Cuddie was probably engaged in regretting the rejection of his mistress's bounty, and Henry Morton in considering from what motives, or upon what conditions, Miss Bellenden had succeeded in procuring the interference of Lord Evandale in his favour.

"Was it not possible," suggested his awakening hopes, "that he had construed her influence over Lord Evandale hastily and unjustly? Ought he to censure her severely, if, submitting to dissimulation for his sake, she had permitted the young nobleman to entertain hopes which she had no intention to realize? Or what if she had appealed to the generosity which Lord Evandale was supposed to possess, and had engaged his honour to protect the person of a favoured rival?"

Still, however, the words which he had overheard recurred ever and anon to his remembrance, with a pang which resembled the sting of an adder.

"Nothing that she could refuse him!—was it possible to make a more unlimited declaration of predilection? The language of affection has not, within the limits of maidenly delicacy, a stronger expression. She is lost to me wholly, and for ever; and nothing remains for me now, but vengeance for my own wrongs, and for those which are hourly inflicted on my country."

Apparently, Cuddie, though with less refinement, was following out a similar train of ideas; for he suddenly asked Morton, in a low whisper,—"Wad there be ony ill in getting out o' thae chields' hands, an' ane could compass it?"

"None in the world," said Morton; "and if an opportunity occurs of doing so, depend on it I for one will not let it slip."

"I'm blythe to hear ye say sae," answered Cuddie. "I am but a puir silly fallow, but I canna think there wad be muckle ill in breaking out by strength o' hand, if ye could mak it ony thing fea-

sible. I am the lad that will ne'er fear to lay on, if it were come to that; but our auld leddy wad hae ca'd that a resisting o' the king's authority."

"I will resist any authority on earth," said Morton, "that invades tyrannically my chartered rights as a freeman; and I am determined I will not be unjustly dragged to a jail, or perhaps a gibbet, if I can possibly make my escape from these men either by address or force."

"Weel, that's just my mind too, aye supposing we hae a feasible opportunity o' breaking loose. But then ye speak o' a charter; now these are things that only belang to the like o' you, that are a gentleman, and it might na bear me through, that am but a husbandman."

"The charter that I speak of," said Morton, "is common to the meanest Scotchman. It is that freedom from stripes and bondage which was claimed, as you may read in Scripture, by the Apostle Paul himself, and which every man who is free-

born is called upon to defend, for his own sake and that of his countrymen."

"Hegh, sirs!" replied Cuddie, "it wad hae been lang or my Leddy Margaret, or my mither either, wad hae found out sic a wiselike doctrine in the Bible! The tane was aye graning about giving tribute to Cæsar, and the tither is as daft wi' her whiggery. I hae been clean spoilt, just wi' listening to twa blethering auld wives; but if I could get a gentleman that wad let me tak on to be his servant, I am confident I wad be a clean contrary creature; and I hope your honour will think on what I am saying, if we were ance fairly delivered out o' this house of bondage, and just tak me to be your ain wally-de shamle."

"My valet, Cuddie?" answered Morton, "alas! that would be sorry preferment, even if we were at liberty."

"I ken what ye're thinking—that because I am landward bred, I wad be bringing ye to disgrace afore folk; but ye maun ken I'm gay gleg at the uptak; there was

never ony thing dune wi' hand but I learned gay readily, 'septing reading, writing, and cyphering; but there's no the like o' me at the fit-ba', and I can play wi' the broadsword as weel as Corporal Inglis there. I hae broken his head or now, for as massy as he's riding ahint us.—And then ye'll no be gaun to stay in his country?" —said he, stopping and interrupting himself.

"Probably not," replied Morton.

"Weel, I care na a boddle. Ye see I wad get my mither bestowed wi' her auld graning tittie, auntie Meg, in the Gallowgate o' Glasgow, and then I trust they wad neither burn her for a witch, or let her fail for fau't o' food, or hang her up for an auld whig wife; for the provost, they say, is very regardful o' sic puir bodies. And then you and I wad gang and pouss our fortunes, like the folk i' the daft auld tales about Jock the Giant killer and Valentine and Orson; and we wad come back to merry Scotland, as the sang says, and I wad tak to the stilts again, and turn

sic furs on the bonnie rigs o' Milnwood holms, that it wad be worth a pint but to look at them."

"I fear," said Morton, "there is very little chance, my good friend Cuddie, of our getting back to your old occupation."

"Hout, sir—hout, sir," replied Cuddie, "it's aye gude to keep up a hardy heart—as broken a ship's come to land.—But what's that I hear?—never stir, if my auld mither is na at the preaching again! I ken the sough o' her texts, that sound just like the wind blawing through the spence; and there's Kettledrummle setting to wark, too—Lord's sake, if the sodgers anes get angry, they'll murder them baith, and us for company!"

Their farther conversation was in fact interrupted by a blatant noise which arose behind them, in which the voice of the preacher emitted, in unison with that of the old woman, tones like the grumble of a bassoon combined with the screaking of a cracked fiddle. At first, the aged pair of

sufferers had been contented to condole with each other in smothered expressions of complaint and indignation; but the sense of their injuries became more pungently aggravated as they communicated with each other, and they became at length unable to suppress their ire.

"Woe, woe, and a threefold woe unto you, ye bloody and violent persecutors!" exclaimed the Reverend Gabriel Kettledrummle—"Woe, and threefold woe unto you, even to the breaking of seals, the blowing of trumpets, and the pouring forth of vials!"

"Ay—ay—a black cast to a' their ill-fa'ar'd faces, and the outside o' the loof to them at the last day," echoed the shrill counter-tenor of Mause, falling in like the second part of a catch.

"I tell you," continued the divine, "that your rankings and your ridings—your neighings and your prancings—your bloody, barbarous, and inhuman cruelties—your benumbing, deadening, and de-

bauching the consciences of poor creatures by oaths, soul-damning and self-contradictory, have risen from earth to Heaven like a foul and hideous outcry of perjury for hastening the wrath to come—— hugh! hugh! hugh!"

"And I say," cried Mause, in the same tune, and nearly at the same time, "that wi' this auld breath o' mine, and it's sair ta'en down wi' the asthmatics and this rough trot"——

"De'il gin they wad gallop," said Cuddie, "wad it but gar her haud her tongue!"

"Wi' this auld and brief breath," continued Mause, "will I testify against the backslidings, defections, defalcations, and declinings of the land—against the grievances and the causes of wrath."

"Peace, I pr'ythee—Peace, good woman," said the preacher, who had just recovered from a violent fit of coughing, and found his own anathema borne down by Mause's better wind, "peace, and take not the word out of the mouth of a servant of the

altar.—I say, I uplift my voice and tell ye, that before the play is played out—ay, before this very sun gaes down, ye sall learn that neither a desperate Judas, like your prelate Sharpe that's gone to his place; nor a sanctuary-breaking Holofernes, like bloody-minded Claverhouse; nor an ambitious Diotrephes, like the lad Evandale; nor a covetous and warld-following Demas, like him they ca' Serjeant Bothwell, that makes every wife's plack and her meal-ark his ain; neither your carabines, nor your pistols, nor your broadswords, nor your horses, nor your saddles, bridles, sarcingles, nose-bags, nor martingales, shall resist the arrows that are whetted and the bow that is bent against you."

"That shall they never, I trow," echoed Mause; "castaways are they ilk ane o' them—besoms of destruction, fit only to be flung into the fire when they have sweepit the filth out o' the Temple—whips of small cords, knotted for the chastisement of those wha like their warldly gudes and

gear better than the Cross or the Covenant, but when that wark's done, only meet to mak latchets to the de'il's brogues."

"Fiend hae me," said Cuddie, addressing himself to Morton, "if I dinna think our mither preaches as weel as the minister!—But it's a sair pity o' his hoast, for it aye comes on just when he's at the best o't, and that lang routing he made air this morning is sair again him too—De'il an I care if he wad roar her dumb, and than he wad hae't a' to answer for himsel—It's lucky the road's rough, and the troopers are no taking muckle tent to what they say wi' the rattling o' the horses feet; but an' we were anes on saft grund, we'll hear news o' a' this."

Cuddie's conjectures were but too true. The words of the prisoners had not been much attended to while drowned by the clang of the horses hoofs on a rough and stony road; but they now entered upon the moorland, where the testimony of the two

zealous captives lacked this saving accompaniment. And, accordingly, no sooner had their steeds begun to tread heath and green sward, and Gabriel Kettledrummle had again raised his voice with, "Also I uplift my song like that of a pelican in the wilderness"——

"And I mine," had issued from Mause, "like a sparrow on the house-tops"——

When, "Hollo, ho!" cried the corporal from the rear; "rein up your tongues, the devil blister them, or I'll clap a martingale on them."

"I will not peace at the commands of the profane," said Gabriel.

"Nor I neither," said Mause, "for the bidding of no earthly potsherd, though it be painted as red as a brick of the Tower of Babel, and ca' itsel a corporal."

"Halliday," cried the corporal, "hast got never a gag about thee, man?—We must stop their mouths before they talk us all dead."

Ere any answer could be made, or any

measure taken in consequence of the corporal's motion, a dragoon gallopped towards Serjeant Bothwell, who was considerably a-head of the party he commanded. On hearing the orders which he brought, Bothwell instantly rode back to the head of his party, ordered them to close their files, to mend their pace, and to move with silence and precaution, as they would soon be in presence of the enemy.

CHAPTER II.

Quantum in nobis, we've thought good
To save the expence of Christian blood,
And try if we, by mediation,
Of treaty, and accommodation,
Can end the quarrel, and compose
This bloody duel without blows.

BUTLER.

THE increased pace of the party of horsemen soon took away from their zealous captives the breath, if not the inclination, necessary for holding forth. They had now for more than a mile got free of the woodlands, whose broken glades had, for some time, accompanied them after they had left the woods of Tillietudlem. A few birches and oaks still feathered the narrow ravines, or occupied in dwarf clusters the hollow plains of the moor. But these were gradually disappearing; and a wide and

waste country lay before them, swelling into hills of dark heath, intersected by deep gullies; being the passages by which torrents forced their course in winter, and, during summer, the disproportioned channels for diminutive rivulets that winded their puny way among heaps of stones and gravel, the effects and tokens of their winter fury, like so many spendthrifts dwindled down by the consequences of former excesses and extravagance. This desolate region seemed to extend farther than the eye could reach, without grandeur, without even the dignity of mountain wildness, yet striking, from the huge proportion which it seemed to bear to such more favoured spots of the country as were adapted to cultivation and fitted for the support of man; and thereby impressing irresistibly the mind of the spectator with a sense of the omnipotence of nature, and the comparative inefficacy of the boasted means of amelioration which man is capable of opposing to the disadvantages of climate and soil.

It is a remarkable effect of such extensive wastes, that they impose an idea of solitude even upon those who travel through them in considerable numbers; so much is the imagination affected by the disproportion between the desert around and the party who are traversing it. Thus the members of a caravan of a thousand souls may feel, in the deserts of Africa or Arabia, a sense of loneliness unknown to the individual traveller, whose solitary course is through a thriving and cultivated country.

It was not, therefore, without a peculiar feeling of emotion, that Morton beheld, at the distance of about half a mile, the body of the cavalry to which his escort belonged, creeping up a steep and winding path which ascended from the more level moor into the hills. Their numbers, which appeared formidable when they crowded through narrow roads, and seemed multiplied by appearing partially, and at different points, among the trees, were now apparently diminished by being exposed at once to view, and in a landscape whose ex-

tent bore such immense proportion to the column of horses and men, that, shewing more like a drove of black cattle than a body of soldiers, crawled slowly along the face of the hill, their force and their numbers seeming trifling and contemptible.

"Surely," said Morton to himself, "a handful of resolute men may defend any defile in these mountains against such a small force as this is, providing that their bravry i s equal to their enthusiasm."

While he made these reflections, the rapid movement of the horsemen who guarded him soon traversed the space which divided them from their companions; and ere the front of Claverhouse's column had gained the brow of the hill which they had been seen ascending, Bothwell, with his rear-guard and prisoners, had united himself, or nearly so, with the main body led by his commander. The extreme difficulty of the road, which was in some places steep, and in others boggy, retarded the progress of the column, especially in the rear; for the passage of

the main body, in many instances, potched up the swamps through which they passed, and rendered them so deep, that the last of their followers were forced to leave the beaten path, and find safer passage where they could.

On these occasions, the distresses of the Reverend Gabriel Kettledrummle and of Mause Headrigg were considerably augmented, as the brutal troopers, by whom they were guarded, compelled them, at all risks which such inexperienced riders were likely to incur, to leap their horses over drains and gullies, or to push them through morasses and swamps.

"Through the help of the Lord I have leaped over a wall," exclaimed poor Mause, as her horse was, by her rude attendants, brought up to leap the turf inclosure of a deserted fold, in which feat her curch flew off, leaving her grey hairs uncovered.

"I am sunk in deep mire where there is no standing—I am come into deep waters where the floods overflow me," exclaimed Kettledrummle, as the charger on

which he was mounted plunged up to the saddle-girths in a *well-head*, as they call the springs which supply the marshes, the sable streams beneath spouting over the face and person of the captive preacher.

These exclamations excited shouts of laughter among their military attendants; but events soon occurred which rendered them all sufficiently serious.

The leading files of the regiment had nearly attained the brow of the steep hill we have mentioned, when two or three horsemen, speedily discovered to be a part of their own advanced-guard, who had acted as patrole, appeared returning at full gallop, their horses much blown, and the men apparently in a disordered flight. They were followed upon the spur by five or six riders, well-armed with sword and pistol, who halted upon the top of the hill, on observing the approach of the Life Guards. One or two who had carabines dismounted, and, taking a leisurely and deliberate aim at the foremost rank of the

regiment, discharged their pieces, by which two troopers were wounded, one severely. They then mounted their horses, and disappeared over the ridge of the hill, retreating with so much coolness as evidently shewed, that, on the one hand, they were undismayed by the approach of so considerable a force as was moving against them, and conscious, on the other, that they were supported by numbers sufficient for their protection. This incident occasioned a halt through the whole body of cavalry; and while Claverhouse himself received the report of his advanced-guard, which had been thus driven back upon the main body, Lord Evandale advanced to the top of the ridge over which the enemies horsemen had retired, and Major Allan, Cornet Grahame, and the other officers, employed themselves in extricating the regiment from the broken ground, and drawing them up upon the side of the hill in two lines, the one to support the other.

The word was then given to advance;

and in a few minutes the first line stood on the brow and commanded the prospect on the other side. The second line closed upon them, and also the rear-guard with the prisoners; so that Morton and his companions in captivity could, in like manner, see the form of opposition which was now offered to the further progress of their captors.

The brow of the hill, on which the royal Life Guards were now drawn up, sloped downwards (on the side opposite to that which they had ascended) with a gentle declivity, for more than a quarter of a mile, and presented ground, which, though unequal in some places, was not altogether unfavourable for the manœuvres of cavalry, until nigh the bottom, when the slope terminated in a marshy level, traversed through its whole length by what seemed either a natural gulley, or a deep artificial drain, the sides of which were broken by springs, trenches filled with water, out of which peats and turfs had been dug, and

here and there by some straggling thickets of alders which loved the moisture so well, that they continued to live as bushes, although too much dwarfed by the sour soil and the stagnant bog-water to ascend into trees. Beyond this ditch, or gulley, the ground arose into a second heathy swell, or rather hill, near to the foot of which, and as if with the purpose of defending the broken ground and ditch which covered their front, the body of insurgents appeared to be drawn up with the purpose of abiding battle.

Their infantry was divided into three lines. The first, tolerably provided with fire-arms, were advanced almost close to the verge of the bog, so that their fire must necessarily annoy the royal cavalry as they descended the opposite hill, the whole front of which was exposed, and would probably be yet more fatal if they attempted to cross the morass. Behind this first line was a body of pikemen, designed for their support in case the dra-

goons should force the passage of the marsh. In their rear was the third line, consisting of countrymen armed with scythes set straight on the poles, hay-forks, spits, clubs, goads, fish-spears, and such other rustic implements as hasty resentment had converted into instruments of war. On each flank of the infantry, but a little backward from the bog, as if to allow themselves dry and sound ground whereon to act in case their enemies should force the pass, there was drawn up a small body of cavalry, who were, in general, but indifferently armed, and worse mounted, but full of zeal for the cause, being chiefly either landholders of small property, or farmers of the better class, whose means enabled them to serve on horseback. A few of those who had been engaged in driving back the advanced guard of the royalists, might now be seen returning slowly towards their own squadrons. These were the only individuals of the insurgent army which seemed to be in motion. All the others stood firm and

motionless, as the grey stones that lay scattered on the heath around them.

The total number of the insurgents might amount to about a thousand men; but of these there were scarce a hundred cavalry, nor were the one half of them even tolerably armed. The strength of their position, however, the sense of their having taken a desperate step, the superiority of their numbers, but, above all, the ardour of their enthusiasm, were the means on which their leaders reckoned for supplying the want of arms, equipage, and military discipline.

On the side of the hill which rose above the array of battle which they had adopted, were seen the women, and even the children, whom zeal, opposed to persecucution, had driven into the wilderness. They seemed stationed there to be spectators of the engagement by which their own fate, as well as that of their parents, husbands, and sons, was to be decided. Like the females of the ancient German tribes, the shrill cries which they raised,

when they beheld the glittering ranks of their enemy appear on the brow of the opposing eminence, acted as an incentive to their relatives to fight to the last in defence of that which was dearest to them. Such exhortations seemed to have their full and emphatic effect; for a wild halloo, which went from rank to rank on the appearance of the soldiers, intimated the resolution of the insurgents to fight to the uttermost.

As the horsemen halted their lines on the ridge of the hill, their trumpets and kettle-drums sounded a bold and warlike flourish of menace and defiance, that rang along the waste like the shrill summons of a destroying angel. The wanderers, in answer, united their voices, and sent forth, in solemn modulation, the two first verses of the seventy-sixth Psalm, according to the metrical version of the Scottish Kirk:

"In Judah's land God is well known,
His name's in Israel great,
In Salem is his tabernacle,
In Zion is his seat.

There arrows of the bow he brake,
The shield, the sword, the war,
More glorious thou than hills of prey,
More excellent art far."

A shout, or rather a solemn acclamation, attended the close of the stanza; and, after a dead pause, the second verse was resumed by the insurgents, who applied the destruction of the Assyrians as prophetical of the issue of their own impending contest:—

"Those that were stout of heart were spoiled,
They slept their sleep outright,
And none of those their hands did find,
That were the men of might.
When thy rebuke, O Jacob's God,
Had forth against them past,
Their horses and their chariots both
Were in a dead sleep cast.

There was another acclamation, which was followed by the most profound silence.

While these solemn sounds, accented by a thousand voices, were prolonged amongst

the waste hills, Claverhouse looked with great attention on the ground, and on the order of battle which the wanderers had adopted, and in which they determined to await the assault.

"The churles," he said, "must have some old soldiers with them; it was no rustic that made choice of that ground."

"Burley is said to be with them for certain," answered Lord Evandale, "and also Hackstoun of Rathillet, Paton of Meadowhead, Cleland, and some other men of military skill."

"I judged as much," said Claverhouse, "from the style in which these detached horsemen leapt their horses over the ditch, as they returned to their position. It was easy to see that there were a few round-headed troopers amongst them, the true spawn of the old Covenant. We must manage this matter warily as well as boldly. Evandale, let the officers come to this knoll."

He moved to a small moss-grown cairn, probably the resting-place of some Celtic

chief of other times, and the call of, "Officers to the front," soon brought them around their commander.

"I did not call you round me, gentlemen," said Claverhouse, "in the formal capacity of a council of war, for I will never turn over on others the responsibility which my rank imposes on myself. I only want the benefit of your opinions, reserving to myself, as most men do when they ask advice, the liberty of following my own.—What say you, Cornet Grahame? Shall we attack these fellows who are bellowing yonder? You are youngest and hottest, and therefore will speak first whether I will or no."

"Then," said Cornet Grahame, "while I have the honour to carry the standard of the Life Guards, it shall never, with my will, retreat before rebels. I say, charge, in God's name and the King's!"

"And what say you, Allan?" continued Claverhouse, "for Evandale is so modest we shall never get him to speak till you have said what you have to say."

"These fellows," said Major Allan, an old cavalier officer of experience, "are three or four to one—I should not mind that much upon a fair field, but they are posted in a very formidable strength, and show no inclination to quit it. I therefore think, with deference to Cornet Grahame's opinion, that we should draw back to Tillietudlem, occupy the pass between the hills and the open country, and send for reinforcements to my Lord Ross, who is lying at Glasgow with a regiment of infantry. In this way we should cut them off from the Strath of Clyde, and either compel them to come out of their strong-hold, and give us battle on fair terms, or, if they remain here, we will attack them so soon as our infantry has joined us, and enabled us to act with effect among these ditches, bogs, and quagmires."

"Pshaw!" said the young Cornet, "what signifies strong ground, when it is only held by a crew of canting, psalm-singing old women?"

"A man may fight ne'er the worse,"

retorted Major Allan, "for honouring both his bible and psalter. These fellows will prove as stubborn as steel; I know them of old."

"Their nasal psalmody," said the Cornet, "reminds our major of the race of Dunbar."

"Had you been at that race, young man," retorted Allan, "you would have wanted nothing to remind you of it for the longest day you had to live."

"Hush, hush, gentlemen," said Claverhouse, "these are untimely repartees.—I should like your advice well, Major Allan, had our rascally patroles (whom I will see duly punished) brought us timely notice of the enemies' numbers and position. But having once presented ourselves before them in line, the retreat of the Life Guards would argue gross timidity, and be the general signal for insurrection through the west. In which case, so far from obtaining any assistance from my Lord Ross, I promise you I should have great apprehensions of his being cut off before we could

join him, or he us. A retreat would have quite the same fatal effect upon the King's cause as the loss of a battle—and as to the difference of risk or of safety it might make with respect to ourselves, that, I am sure, no gentleman thinks a moment about. There must be some gorges or passes in the morass through which we can force our way; and, were we once on firm ground, I trust there is no man in the Life Guards who supposes our squadrons, though so weak in numbers, are unable to trample into dust twice the number of these unpractised clowns.—What say you, my Lord Evandale?"

"I humbly think," said Lord Evandale, "that, go the day how it will, it must be a bloody one; and that we shall lose many brave fellows, and probably be obliged to slaughter a great number of these misguided men, who, after all, are Scotchmen and subjects of King Charles, as well as we are."

"Rebels! rebels! and undeserving the name either of Scotchmen or of subjects,"

said Claverhouse; "but come, my lord, what does your opinion point at?"

"To enter into a treaty with these ignorant and misled men."

"A treaty, and with rebels having arms in their hands? Never while I live," answered his commander.

"At least send a trumpet and flag of truce, summoning them to lay down their weapons and disperse," said Lord Evandale, "upon promise of a free pardon—I have always heard that had that been done before the battle of Pentland-hills, much blood might have been saved."

"Well," said Claverhouse, "and who the devil do you think would carry a summons to these headstrong and desperate fanatics? They acknowledge no laws of war. Their leaders, who have been all most active in the murder of the Archbishop of St Andrews, fight with a rope round their necks, and are likely to kill the messenger, were it but to dip their followers in loyal blood, and to make them as desperate of pardon as themselves."

"I will go myself," said Evandale, "if you will permit me. I have often risked my blood to spill that of others, let me now do so in order to save human lives."

"You shall not go on such an errand, my lord," said Claverhouse; "your rank and situation render your safety of too much consequence to the country in an age when good principles are so rare.—Here's my brother's son, Dick Grahame, who fears shot or steel as little as if the devil had given him armour of proof against it, as the fanatics say he has given to his uncle. He shall take a flag-of-truce and a trumpet, and ride down to the edge of the morass to summon them to lay down their arms and disperse."

"With all my soul, Colonel," answered the Cornet; "and I'll tie my cravat on a pike to serve for a white flag—the rascals never saw such a pennon of Flanders lace in their lives before."

"Colonel Grahame," said Evandale, while the young officer prepared for his expedition, "this young gentleman is

your nephew and your apparent heir; for God's sake, permit me to go. It was my counsel, and I ought to stand the risk."

"Were he my only son," said Claverhouse, "this is no cause and no time to spare him. I hope my private affections will never interfere with my public duty. If Dick Grahame falls, the loss is chiefly mine; were your lordship to die, the King and country would be the sufferers.—Come, gentlemen, each to his post. If our summons is unfavourably received, we will instantly attack, and, as the old Scottish blazon has it, God save the right!"

CHAPTER III.

With many a stout thwack and many a bang,
Hard crab-tree and old iron rang.

Hudibras.

Cornet Richard Grahame descended the hill, bearing in his hand the extemporé flag of truce, and making his managed horse keep time by bounds and curvets to the tune which he whistled. The trumpeter followed. Five or six horsemen, having something the appearance of officers, detached themselves from each flank of the presbyterian army, and, meeting in the centre, approached the ditch which divided the hollow as near as the morass would permit. Towards this group, but keeping the opposite side of the swamp, Cornet Grahame directed his

horse, his motions being now the conspicuous object of attention to both armies; and, without disparagement to the courage of either, it is probable there was a general wish on both sides that this embassy might save the risks and bloodshed of the impending conflict.

When he had arrived right opposite to those, who, by their advancing to receive his message, seemed to take upon themselves as the leaders of the enemy, Cornet Grahame commanded his trumpeter to sound a parley. The insurgents having no instrument of martial music wherewith to make the appropriate reply, one of their number called out with a loud, strong voice, demanding to know why he approached their leaguer.

"To summon you in the King's name, and in that of Colonel John Grahame of Claverhouse, specially commissioned by the right honourable Privy Council of Scotland," answered the Cornet, "to lay down your arms and dismiss the followers

whom you have led into rebellion, contrary to the laws of God, of the King, and of the country."

"Return to them that sent thee," said the insurgent leader, "and tell them that we are this day in arms for a broken Covenant and a persecuted Kirk; tell them that we renounce the licentious and perjured Charles Stuart, whom you call King, even as he renounced the Covenant, after having once and again sworn to prosecute to the utmost of his power all the ends thereof, really, constantly, and sincerely, all the days of his life, having no enemies but the enemies of the Covenant, and no friends but its friends. Whereas, far from keeping the oath he had called God and angels to witness, his first step, after his incoming into these kingdoms, was the fearful grasping at the prerogative of the Almighty, by that hideous Act of Supremacy, together with his expulsing, without summons, libel, or process of law, hundreds of famous faithful preachers,

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thereby wringing the bread of life out of the mouth of hungry, poor creatures, and forcibly cramming their throats with the lifeless, saltless, foisenless, lukewarm drammock of the fourteen false prelates, and their sycophantic, formal, carnal, scandalous creature-curates."

"I did not come to hear you preach," answered the officer, "but to know in one word, if you will disperse yourselves, on condition of a free pardon to all but the murderers of the late Archbishop of St Andrews; or whether you will abide the attack of his majesty's forces, which will instantly advance upon you."

"In one word, then," answered the spokesman, "we are here with our swords on our thighs, as men that watch in the night. We will take one part and portion together, as brethren in righteousness. Whosoever assails us in our good cause, his blood be on his own head. So return to them that sent thee, and God give

them and thee a sight of the evil of your ways!"

"Is not your name," said the Cornet, who began to recollect having seen the person whom he was now speaking with, "John Balfour of Burley?"

"And if it be," said the spokesman, "hast thou aught to say against it?"

"Only," said the Cornet, "that as you are excluded from pardon in the name of the King and of my commanding officer, it is to these country people and not to you that I offer it; and it is not with you, or such as you, that I am sent to treat."

"Thou art a young soldier, friend," said Burley, "and scant well-learned in thy trade, or thou wouldst know that the bearer of a flag of truce cannot treat with the army but through their officers; and that if he presume to do otherwise, he forfeits his safe-conduct."

While speaking these words, Burley unslung his carabine, and held it in readiness.

"I am not to be intimidated from the discharge of my duty by the menaces of a murderer," said Cornet Grahame.—"Hear me, good people; I proclaim, in the name of the King and of my commanding officer, full and free pardon to all, excepting"——

"I give thee fair warning," said Burley, presenting his piece.

"A free pardon to all," continued the young officer, still addressing the body of the insurgents—"to all but"——

"Then the Lord grant grace to thy soul—amen," said Burley.

With these words he fired, and Cornet Richard Grahame dropped from his horse. The shot was mortal. The poor young gentleman had only strength to turn himself on the ground and mutter forth, "My poor mother!" when life forsook him in the effort. His startled horse fled back to the regiment at the gallop, as did his scarce less-affrighted attendant.

"What have you done?" said one of Balfour's brother-officers.

"My duty," said Balfour, firmly. "Is it not written, thou shalt be zealous even to slaying? Let those who dare, now venture to speak of truce or pardon!"

Claverhouse saw his nephew fall. He turned his eye on Evandale, while a transitory glance of indescribable emotion disturbed, for a second's space, the serenity of his features, and briefly said, "You see the event."

"I will avenge him or die!" exclaimed Evandale; and, putting his horse into motion, rode furiously down the hill, followed by his own troop, and that of the deceased Cornet which broke down without orders, and each striving to be the foremost to revenge their young officer, their ranks soon fell into confusion. These forces formed the first line of the royalists. It was in vain that Claverhouse exclaimed, "Halt, halt! this rashness will undo us." It was all that he could accomplish by galloping along the second line, entreat-

ing, commanding, and even menacing the men with his sword, that he could restrain them from following an example so contagious.

"Allan," he said, as soon as he had rendered the men in some degree more steady, "lead them slowly down the hill to support Lord Evandale, who is about to need it very much.—Bothwell, thou art a cool and a daring fellow"——

"Ay," muttered Bothwell, "you can remember that in a moment like this."

"Lead ten file up the hollow to the right," continued his commanding officer, "and try every means to get through the bog; then form and charge the rebels in flank and rear, while they are engaged with us in front."

Bothwell made a signal of intelligence and obedience, and moved off with his party at a rapid pace.

Mean time, the disaster which Claverhouse had apprehended did not fail to take place. The troopers, who, with Lord Evan-

dale, had rushed down upon the enemy, soon found their disorderly career interrupted by the impracticable character of the ground. Some stuck fast in the morass as they attempted to struggle through, some recoiled from the attempt and remained on the brink, others dispersed to seek a more favourable place to pass the swamp. In the midst of this confusion, the first line of the enemy, of which the foremost rank knelt, the second stooped, and the third stood upright, poured in a close and destructive fire that emptied at least a score of saddles, and increased tenfold the disorder into which the horsemen had fallen. Lord Evandale, in the mean time, at the head of a very few well-mounted men, had been able to clear the ditch, but was no sooner across than he was charged by the left body of the enemy's cavalry, who, encouraged by the small number of opponents that had made their way through the broken ground, set upon them with

the utmost fury, crying, "Woe, woe to the uncircumcised Philistines! down with Dagon and all his adherents!"

The young nobleman fought like a lion; but most of his followers were killed, and he himself could not have escaped the same fate but for a heavy fire of carabines, which Claverhouse, who had now advanced with the second line near to the ditch, poured so effectually upon the enemy, that both horse and foot for a moment began to shrink, and Lord Evandale, disengaged from his unequal combat, and finding himself nearly alone, took the opportunity to effect his retreat through the moss. But notwithstanding the loss they had sustained by Claverhouse's first fire, the insurgents became soon aware that the advantage of numbers and of position were so decidedly theirs, that, if they could but persist in making a brief but resolute defence, the Life Guards must necessarily be defeated. Their leaders flew through their ranks, exhorting them to stand firm, and

pointing out how efficacious their fire must be where both men and horse were exposed to it; for the troopers, according to custom, fired without having dismounted. Claverhouse, more than once, when he perceived his best men dropping by a fire which they could not effectually return, made desperate efforts to pass the bog at various points, and renew the battle on firm ground and fiercer terms. But the close fire of the insurgents, joined to the natural difficulties of the pass, disappointed his attempts in every point.

"We must retreat," he said to Evandale, "unless Bothwell can effect a diversion in our favour. In the mean time, draw the men out of fire, and leave skirmishers behind these patches of alder-bushes to keep the enemy in check."

These directions being accomplished, the appearance of Bothwell with his party was earnestly expected. But Bothwell had his own disadvantages to struggle with. His detour to the right had not escaped the pe-

netrating observation of Burley, who made a corresponding movement with the left wing of the mounted insurgents, so that when Bothwell, after riding a considerable way up the valley, found a place at which the bog could be passed, though with some difficulty, he perceived he was still in front of a superior enemy. His daring character was in no degree checked by this unexpected opposition.

"Follow me, my lads," he called to his men; "never let it be said that we turned our backs before these canting roundheads!"

With that, as if inspired by the spirit of his ancestors, he shouted, "Bothwell! Bothwell!" and throwing himself into the morass, he struggled through it at the head of his party, and attacked that of Burley with such fury, that he drove them back above a pistol-shot, killing three men with his own hand. Burley, perceiving the consequences of a defeat on this point, and that his men, though more nu-

merous, were unequal to the regulars in using their arms and managing their horses, threw himself across Bothwell's way, and attacked him hand to hand. Each of the combatants was considered as the champion of his respective party, and a result ensued more usual in romance than in real story. Their followers, on either side, instantly paused, and looked on as if the fate of the day were to be decided by the event of the combat between these two redoubted swordsmen. The combatants themselves seemed of the same opinion; for, after two or three eager cuts and pushes had been exchanged, they paused, as if by joint consent, to recover the breath which preceding exertions had exhausted, and to prepare for a duel in which each seemed conscious he had met his match.

"You are the murdering villain, Burley," said Bothwell, griping his sword firmly, and setting his teeth close—"you escaped me once, but"—(he swore an oath

too tremendous to be written down) "thy head is worth its weight of silver, and it shall go home at my saddle-bow, or my saddle shall go home empty for me."

"Yes," replied Burley, with stern and gloomy deliberation, "I am that John Balfour who promised to lay thy head where thou should'st never lift it again; and God do so to me, and more also, if I do not redeem my word."

"Then a bed of heather, or a thousand marks!" said Bothwell, striking at Burley with his full force.

"The sword of the Lord and of Gideon!" answered Balfour, as he parried and returned the blow.

There have seldom met two combatants more equally matched in strength of body, skill in the management of their weapons and horses, determined courage, and unrelenting hostility. After exchanging many desperate blows, each receiving and inflicting several wounds, though of no great

consequence, they grappled together as if with the desperate impatience of mortal hate, and Bothwell, seizing his enemy by the shoulder-belt, while the grasp of Balfour was upon his own collar, they came headlong to the ground. The companions of Burley hastened to his assistance, but were repelled by the dragoons, and the battle became again general. But nothing could withdraw the attention of the combatants from each other, or induce them to unclose the deadly clasp in which they rolled together on the ground, tearing, struggling, and foaming, with the inveteracy of thorough-bred bull-dogs.

Several horses passed over them in the meleé without their quitting hold of each other, until the sword-arm of Bothwell was broken by the kick of a charger. He then relinquished his grasp with a deep and suppressed groan, and both combatants started to their feet. Bothwell's right hand dropped helpless by his side, but his left griped to the place where his dagger hung; it had

escaped from the sheath in the struggle,—and, with a look of mingled rage and despair, he stood totally defenceless, as Balfour, with a laugh of savage joy, flourished his sword aloft, and then passed it through his adversary's body. Bothwell received the thrust without falling—it had only grazed on his ribs. He attempted no farther defence, but, looking at Burley with a grin of deadly hatred, exclaimed,—"Base peasant churl, thou hast spilt the blood of a line of kings!"

"Die, wretch!—die," said Balfour, redoubling the thrust with better aim; and, setting his foot on Bothwell's body as he fell, he a third time transfixed him with his sword.—"Die, blood-thirsty dog! die, as thou hast lived!—die, like the beasts that perish—hoping nothing—believing nothing."

"And FEARING nothing!" said Bothwell, collecting the last effort of respiration to utter these desperate words, and expiring as soon as they were spoken.

To catch a stray horse by the bridle, throw himself upon it, and rush to the assistance of his followers, was, with Burley, the affair of a moment. And as the fall of Bothwell had given to the insurgents all the courage of which it had deprived his comrades, the issue of this partial contest did not remain a moment undecided. Several soldiers were slain, the rest driven back over the morass and dispersed, and the victorious Burley, with his party, crossed it in their turn, to direct against Claverhouse the very manœuvre which he had instructed Bothwell to execute. He now put his troop in order, with the view of attacking the right wing of the royalists; and, sending news of his success to the main body, exhorted them, in the name of Heaven, to cross the marsh, and work out the glorious work of the Lord by a general attack upon the enemy.

Meanwhile, Claverhouse, who had in some degree remedied the confusion occasioned by the first irregular and unsuccess-

ful attack, and reduced the combat in front to a distant skirmish with fire-arms, chiefly maintained by some dismounted troopers whom he had posted behind the cover of the shrubby copses of alders which, in some places, covered the edge of the morass, and whose close, cool, and well-aimed fire greatly annoyed the enemy, and concealed their own deficiency of numbers,—Claverhouse, while he maintained the contest in this manner, still expecting that a diversion by Bothwell and his party might facilitate a general attack, was accosted by one of the dragoons, whose bloody face and jaded horse bore witness he was come from hard service.

"What is the matter, Halliday?" said Claverhouse, for he knew every man in his regiment by name—"Where is Bothwell?"

"Bothwell is down," replied Halliday, "and many a pretty fellow with him."

"Then the king," said Claverhouse, with his usual composure, "has lost a stout sol-

dier. The enemy have passed the marsh, I suppose?"

"With a strong body of horse, commanded by the devil incarnate that killed Bothwell," answered the terrified soldier.

"Hush! hush!" said Claverhouse, putting his finger on his lips; "not a word to any one but me.—Lord Evandale, we must retreat. The fates will have it so. Draw together the men that are dispersed in the skirmishing work. Let Allan form the regiment, and do you two retreat up the hill in two bodies, each halting alternately as the other falls back. I'll keep the rogues in check with the rear-guard, making a stand and facing from time to time. They will be over the ditch presently, for I see their whole line in motion, and preparing to cross; therefore lose no time."

"Where is Bothwell with his party?" said Lord Evandale, astonished at the coolness of his commander.

"Fairly disposed of," said Claverhouse, in his ear—"the king has lost a servant,

and the devil has got one. But away to business, Evandale—ply your spurs and get the men together. Allan and you must keep them steady. This retreating is new work for us all; but our turn will come round again another day."

Evandale and Allan betook themselves to their task; but ere they had arranged the regiment for the purpose of retreating in two alternate bodies, a considerable number of the enemy had crossed the marsh. Claverhouse, who had retained immediately around his person a few of his most active and tried men, charged those who had crossed, in person, while they were yet disordered by the broken ground. Some they killed, others they repulsed into the morass, and checked the whole so as to enable the main body, now greatly diminished, as well as disheartened by the loss they had sustained, to commence their retreat up the hill.

But the enemies van being soon reinforced and supported, compelled Claverhouse

to follow his troops. Never did man, however, better support the character of a soldier than he did that day. Conspicuous by his black horse and white feather, he was first in the repeated charges which he made at every favourable opportunity, to arrest the progress of the pursuers, and to cover the retreat of his regiment. The object of aim to every one, he seemed as if he was impassive to their shot. The superstitious fanatics, who looked upon him as a man gifted by the Evil Spirit with supernatural means of defence, averred that they saw the bullets recoil from his jack-boots and buff coat like hailstones from a rock of granite, as he gallopped to and fro amid the storm of the battle. Many a whig that day loaded his musket with a dollar cut into slugs, in order that a silver bullet (such was their belief) might bring down the persecutor of the holy kirk, on whom lead had no power.

"Try him with the cold steel," was the cry at every renewed charge—"powder is

wasted on him. Ye might as weel shoot at the auld enemy himsel."

But though this was loudly shouted, yet the awe on the insurgents' mind was such, that they gave way before Claverhouse as before a supernatural being, and few men ventured to cross swords with him. Still, however, he was fighting in retreat, and with all the disadvantages attending that movement. The soldiers behind him, as they beheld the increasing number of enemies who poured over the morass, became unsteady; and, at every successive movement, Major Allan and Lord Evandale found it more and more impossible to bring them to halt and form line regularly, while, on the other hand, their motion in the act of retreating became, by degrees, much more rapid than was consistent with good order. As they approached nearer to the top of the ridge, from which in so luckless an hour they had descended, the panic began to increase. Every one became impatient to place the brow of the hill be-

tween him and the continued fire of the pursuers, nor could any individual think it reasonable that he should be the last in the retreat, and thus sacrifice his own safety for that of others. In this mood, several troopers set spurs to their horses and fled outright, and the others became so unsteady in their movements and formations, that their officers every moment feared they would follow the same example.

Amid this scene of blood and confusion, the trampling of the horses, the groans of the wounded, the continued fire of the enemy, which fell in a succession of uninterrmitted musketry, while loud shouts accompanied each bullet which the fall of a trooper shewed to have been successfully aimed—amid all the terrors and disorder of such a scene, and when it was dubious how soon they might be totally deserted by their dispirited soldiery, Evandale could not forbear remarking the composure of his commanding officer. Not at Lady Margaret's breakfast-table that morning did his

eye appear more lively, or his demeanour more composed. He had closed up to Evandale for the purpose of giving some orders, and picking out a few men to reinforce his rear-guard.

"If this bout lasts five minutes longer," he said, in a whisper, "our rogues will leave you, old Allan, and me, the honour of fighting this battle with our own hands. I must do something to disperse the musqueteers who annoy them so hard, or we will be all shamed. Don't attempt to succour me if you see me go down, but keep at the head of your men; get off as you can, in God's name, and tell the king and the council I died in my duty."

So saying, and commanding about twenty stout men to follow him, he gave, with this small body, a charge so desperate and unexpected, that he drove the foremost of the pursuers back to some distance. In the confusion of the assault he singled out Burley, and, desirous to strike terror into his followers, he dealt him so severe a blow

on the head, as cut through his steel head-piece, and threw him from his horse, stunned for the moment, though unwounded. A wonderful thing it was afterwards thought, that one so powerful as Balfour should have sunk under the blow of a man, to appearance, so slightly made as Claverhouse; and the vulgar, of course, set down to supernatural aid, the effect of that energy which a determined spirit can give to a feebler arm. Claverhouse had, in this last charge, however, involved himself too deeply among the insurgents, and was fairly surrounded.

Lord Evandale saw the danger of his commander, his body of dragoons being then halted, while that commanded by Allan was in the act of retreating. Regardless of Claverhouse's disinterested command to the contrary, he ordered the party which he headed to charge down hill and extricate their Colonel. Some advanced with him—most halted and stood uncertain—many run away. With those who

followed Evandale, he disengaged Claverhouse. His assistance came just in time, for a rustic had wounded his horse in a most ghastly manner by the blow of a scythe, and was about to repeat the stroke when Lord Evandale cut him down. As they got out of the press, they looked round them. Allan's division had ridden clear over the hill, that officer's authority having proved altogether unequal to halt them. Evandale's division was scattered and in total confusion.

"What is to be done, Colonel?" said Lord Evandale.

"We are the last men in the field, I think," said Claverhouse; "and when men fight as long as they can there is no shame in flying. Hector himself would say, 'devil take the hindmost,' when there are but twenty against a thousand.—Save yourselves, my lads, and rally as soon as you can.—Come, my Lord, we must e'en ride for it."

So saying, he put spurs to his wounded

horse, and the generous animal, as if conscious that the life of his rider depended on his exertions, pressed forward with speed, unabated either by pain or loss of blood. A few officers and soldiers followed him, but in a very irregular and tumultuary manner. The flight of Claverhouse was the signal for all the stragglers, who yet offered desultory resistance, to fly as fast as they could, and yield up the field of battle to the victorious insurgents.

CHAPTER IV.

But see! through the fast-flashing lightnings of war,
What steed to the desert flies frantic and far!

CAMPBELL.

DURING the severe skirmish of which we have given the details, Morton, together with Cuddie and his mother, and the Reverend Gabriel Kettledrummle, remained on the brow of the hill, near to the small cairn, or barrow, beside which Claverhouse had held his preliminary council-of-war, so that they had a commanding view of the action which took place in the bottom. They were guarded by Corporal Inglis and four soldiers, who, as may readily be supposed, were much more intent on watching the fluctuating fortunes of the

battle, than in attending to what passed among their prisoners.

"If yon lads stand to their tackle," said Cuddie, "we'll hae some chance o' getting our necks out o' the brecham again; but I misdoubt them—they hae little skill o' arms."

"Much is not necessary, Cuddie," answered Morton; "they have a strong position, and weapons in their hands, and are more than three times the number of their assailants. If they cannot fight for their freedom now, they and theirs deserve to lose it for ever."

"O, sirs," exclaimed Mause, "here's a goodly spectacle indeed! My spirit is like that of the blessed Elihu, it burns within me—my bowels are as wine which lacketh vent—they are ready to burst like new bottles. O, that He may look after his ain people in this day of judgment and deliverance!—And now, what ailest thou, precious Mr Gabriel Kettledrummle? I say, what ailest thou, that wert a Nazarite

purer than snow, whiter than milk, more ruddy than sulphur, (meaning, perhaps, sapphires)--I say, what ails thee now, that thou art blacker than a coal, that thy beauty is departed, and thy loveliness withered like a dry potsherd? Surely it is time to be up and be doing, to cry loudly, and to spare nought, and to wrestle for the puir lads that are yonder testifying with their ain blude and that of their enemies."

This expostulation implied a reproach on Mr Kettledrummle, who, though an absolute Boanerges, or son of thunder, in the pulpit, when the enemy were afar, and indeed sufficiently contumacious, as we have seen, when in their power, had been struck dumb by the firing, shouts, and shrieks, which now arose from the valley, and,—as many an honest man might have been, in a situation where he could neither fight nor fly, was too much dismayed to take so favourable an opportunity to preach the terrors of presbytery, as the courageous Mause had expected at his hand, or even

to pray for the successful event of the battle. His presence of mind was not, however, entirely lost, any more than his jealous respect for his reputation as a pure and powerful preacher of the word.

"Hold your peace, woman," he said, "and do not perturb my inward meditations and the wrestlings wherewith I wrestle—but of a verity the shooting of the foemen doth begin to increase; peradventure, some pellet may attain unto us even here. Lo! I will ensconce me behind the cairn, as behind a strong wall of defence."

"He's but a coward body after a'," said Cuddie, who was himself by no means deficient in that sort of courage which consists in insensibility to danger; "he's but a daidling coward body. He'll never fill Rumbleberry's bonnet.—Odd! Rumbleberry fought and flyted like a fleeing dragon. It was a great pity, poor man, he could na cheat the woodie. But they say

he gaed singing and rejoicing till't, just as I wad gang till a bicker o' brose, supposing me hungry, as I stand a gude chance to be.—Eh, sirs! yon's an awfu' sight, and yet ane canna keep their een aff frae it!"

Accordingly, strong curiosity on the part of Morton and Cuddie, together with the heated enthusiasm of old Mause, detained them on the spot from which they could best hear and see the issue of the action, leaving to Kettledrummle to occupy alone his place of security. The vicissitudes of combat, which we have already described, were witnessed by our spectators from the top of the eminence, but without their being able positively to determine to what they tended. That the presbyterians defended themselves stoutly was evident from the heavy smoke, which, illumined by frequent flashes of fire, now eddied along the valley, and hid the contending parties in its sulphurous shade. On the other hand, the continued firing

from the nearer side of the morass indicated that the enemy persevered in their attack, that the affair was fiercely disputed, and that every thing was to be apprehended from a continued contest, in which undisciplined rustics had to repel the assaults of regular troops so completely officered and armed.

At length horses, whose caparisons shewed that they belonged to the Life-Guards, began to fly masterless out of the confusion. Dismounted soldiers next appeared, forsaking the conflict, and straggling over the side of the hill, in order to escape from the scene of action. As the numbers of these fugitives increased, the fate of the day seemed no longer doubtful. A large body was then seen emerging from the smoke, forming irregularly on the hillside, and with difficulty kept stationary by their officers, until Evandale's corps also appeared in full retreat. The result of the conflict was then apparent, and the joy of

the prisoners was corresponding to their approaching deliverance.

"They hae done the job for anes," said Cuddie, "an' they ne'er do it again."

"They flee! — they flee!" exclaimed Mause, in ecstacy. "O, the truculent tyrants! they are riding now as they never rode before. O, the false Egyptians—the proud Assyrians — the Philistines — the Moabites—the Edomites—the Ishmaelites —The Lord has brought sharp swords upon them, to make them food for the fowls of heaven and the beasts of the field. See how the clouds roll, and the fire flashes ahint them, and goes forth before the chosen of the Covenant, e'en like the pillar o' cloud and the pillar o' flame that led the people o' Israel out o' the land of Egypt! This is indeed a day of deliverance to the righteous, a day of pouring out of wrath to the persecutors and the ungodly."

"Lord safe us, mother," said Cuddie, "haud the clavering tongue o' ye, and lie down ahint the cairn, like Kettledrummle,

honest man. Thae whigamore bullets ken unco little discretion, and will just as sune knock out the harns o' a psalm-singing auld wife as a swearing dragoon."

"Fear naething for me, Cuddie," said the old dame, transported to ecstacy by the success of her party; "fear naething for me. I will stand, like Deborah, on the tap o' the cairn, and tak up my sang o' reproach against these men of Haroshteth of the Gentiles, whose horse-hoofs are broken by their prancings."

The enthusiastic old woman would in fact have accomplished her purpose, of mounting on the cairn, and becoming, as she said, a sign and a banner to the people, had not Cuddie, with more filial tenderness than respect, detained her by such force as his shackled arms would permit him to exert.

"Eh, sirs!" he said, having accomplished this task, "look out yonder, Milnwood; saw ye ever mortal fight like the devil Claver'se?—Yonder he's been thrice doun

amang them, and thrice cam free aff.—But I think we'll soon be free oursels, Milnwood. Inglis and his troopers look ower their shouthers very aften, as if they liked the road ahint them better than the road afore."

Cuddie was not mistaken; for, when the main tide of fugitives passed at a little distance from the spot where they were stationed, the corporal and his party fired their carabines at random upon the advancing insurgents, and, abandoning all charge of their prisoners, joined the retreat of their comrades. Morton and the old woman, whose hands were at liberty, lost no time in undoing the bonds of Cuddie and of the clergyman, both of whom had been secured by a cord tied round their arms above the elbows. By the time this was accomplished, the rear-guard of the dragoons, which still preserved some order, passed beneath the hillock or rising ground which was surmounted by the cairn already repeatedly mentioned. They exhi-

bited all the hurry and confusion incident to a forced retreat, but still continued in a body. Claverhouse led the van, his naked sword deeply dyed with blood, as were his face and clothes. His horse was all covered with gore, and now reeled with weakness. Lord Evandale, in not much better plight, brought up the rear, still exhorting the soldiers to keep together and fear nothing. Several of the men were wounded, and one or two dropped from their horses as they surmounted the hill.

Mause's zeal broke forth once more at this spectacle, while she stood on the heath with her head uncovered, and her grey hairs streaming in the wind, no bad representation of a superannuated bacchante, or a Thessalian witch in the agonies of incantation. She soon discovered Claverhouse at the head of his fugitive party, and exclaimed with bitter irony, "Tarry, tarry, ye wha were aye sae blythe to be at the meetings of the saints, and wad ride every muir in Scotland to find a conven-

ticle. Wilt thou not tarry, now thou hast found ane? Wilt thou not stay for one word mair? Wilt thou na bide the afternoon preaching?—Wae betide ye!" she said, suddenly changing her tone, "and cut the houghs of the creature whase fleetness ye trust in!—Sheugh—Sheugh—awa' wi' ye that hae spilled sae muckle blude, and now wad save your ain—awa' wi' ye for a railing Rabshekah, a cursing Shemei, a blood-thirsty Doeg—the sword's drawn now that winna be lang o' overtaking ye, ride as fast as ye will."

Claverhouse, it may be easily supposed, was too busy to attend to her reproaches, but hastened over the hill, anxious to get the remnant of his men out of gun-shot, in hopes of again collecting the fugitives round his standard. But as the rear of his followers rode over the ridge, a shot struck Lord Evandale's horse, which instantly sunk down dead beneath him. Two of the whig horsemen, who were the foremost in the pursuit, hastened up with the purpose

of killing him, for hitherto there had been no quarter given. Morton, on the other hand, rushed forward to save his life, if possible, in order at once to indulge his natural generosity, and to requite the obligation which Lord Evandale had conferred on him that morning, and under which circumstances had made him wince so acutely. Just as he had assisted Evandale, who was much wounded, to extricate himself from his dying horse, and to gain his feet, the two horsemen came up, and one of them exclaiming, "Have at the red-coated tyrant!" made a blow at the young nobleman, which Morton parried with difficulty, exclaiming to the rider, who was no other than Burley himself, "Give quarter to this gentleman, for my sake—for the sake," he added, observing that Burley did not immediately recognize him, "of Henry Morton, who so lately sheltered you."

"Henry Morton?" replied Burley, wiping his bloody brow with his bloodier hand, "did I not say that the son of Silas

Morton would come forth out of the land of bondage, nor be long an indweller in the tents of Ham? Thou art a brand snatched out of the burning—But for this booted apostle of prelacy, he shall die the death!—We must smite them hip and thigh, even from the rising to the going down of the sun. It is our commission to slay them like Amalek, and utterly destroy all they have, and spare neither man nor woman, infant or suckling; therefore, hinder me not," he continued, endeavouring again to cut down Lord Evandale, "for this work must not be wrought negligently."

"You must not, and you shall not, slay him, more especially while incapable of defence," said Morton, planting himself before Lord Evandale so as to intercept any blow that should be aimed at him; "I owed my life to him this morning—my life, which was endangered solely by my having sheltered you; and to shed his blood when he can offer no effectual resistance, were not only a cruelty abhorrent to God

and man, but detestable ingratitude both to him and to me."

Burley paused—"Thou art yet," he said, "in the court of the Gentiles, and I compassionate thy human blindness and frailty. Strong meat is not fit for babes, nor the mighty and grinding dispensation under which I draw my sword, for those whose hearts are yet dwelling in huts of clay, whose footsteps are tangled in the mesh of mortal sympathies, and who clothe themselves in the righteousness that is as filthy rags. But to gain a soul to the truth is better than to send one to Tophet; therefore I give quarter to this youth, providing the grant is confirmed by the general council of God's army, whom he hath this day blessed with so signal a deliverance.—Thou art unarmed—Abide my return here. I must yet pursue these sinners, the Amalekites, and destroy them till they be utterly consumed from the face of the land, even from Havilah unto Shur."

So saying, he set spurs to his horse, and continued to pursue the chase.

"Cuddie," said Morton, "for God's sake catch a horse as quickly as you can. I will not trust Lord Evandale's life with these obdurate men.—You are wounded, my Lord. Are you able to continue your retreat?" he continued, addressing himself to his prisoner, who, half stunned by the fall, was but beginning to recover himself.

"I think so," replied Lord Evandale. "But is it possible?—Do I owe my life to Mr Morton?"

"My interference would have been the same from common humanity," replied Morton; "to your Lordship it was a sacred debt of gratitude."

Cuddie at this instant returned with a horse.

"God-sake, mount—mount, and ride like a fleeing hawk, my Lord," said the good-natured fellow, "for ne'er be in me, if they are na killing every ane o' the wounded and prisoners."

Lord Evandale mounted the horse, while Cuddie officiously held the stirrup.

"Stand off, good fellow, thy courtesy may cost thy life.—Mr Morton," he continued, addressing Henry, "this makes us more than even—rely on it I will never forget your generosity—Farewell."

He turned his horse, and rode swiftly away in the direction which seemed least exposed to pursuit.

Lord Evandale had just rode off, when several of the insurgents, who were in the front of the pursuit, came up, denouncing vengeance on Henry Morton and Cuddie for having aided the escape of a Philistine, as they called the young nobleman.

"What wad ye hae had us do?" cried Cuddie. "Had we aught to stop a man wi', that had twa pistols and a sword? sudna ye hae come faster up yoursels, instead of flyting at huz?"

This excuse would hardly have passed current; but Kettledrummle, who now

awoke from his trance of terror, and was known to, and reverenced by, most of the wanderers, together with Mause, who possessed their appropriate language, as well as the preacher himself, proved active and effectual intercessors.

"Touch them not, harm them not," exclaimed Kettledrummle, in his very best double-bass tones; "this is the son of the famous Silas Morton, by whom the Lord wrought great things in this land at the breaking forth of the reformation from prelacy, when there was a plentiful pouring forth of the Word and a renewing of the Covenant; a hero and champion of these blessed days, when there was power, and efficacy, and convincing, and converting of sinners, and heart-exercises, and fellowship of saints, and a plentiful flowing forth of the spices of the garden of Eden."

"And this is my son, Cuddie," exclaimed Mause in her turn, "the son of his fa-

ther, Judden Headrigg, wha was a douse honest man, and of me, Mause Middlemas, an unworthy professor and follower of the pure gospel, and ane o' your ain folk. Is it not written, 'Cut ye not aff the tribes of the families of the Kothathites from among the Levites?' Numbers, fourth and seventh—O, sirs! dinna be standing here prattling wi' honest folk, when ye sud be following forth your victory with which Providence has blessed ye."

This party having passed on, they were immediately beset by another, to whom it was necessary to give the same explanation. Kettledrummle, whose fear was much dissipated since the firing had ceased, again took upon him to be intercessor, and, grown bold, as he felt his good word necessary for the protection of his late fellow-captives, he laid claim to no small share of the merit of the victory, appealing to Morton and Cuddie, whether the tide of battle had not turned while he

prayed on the Mount of Jehovah Nisi, like Moses, that Israel might prevail over Amelek; but granting them, at the same time, the credit of holding up his hands when they waxed heavy, as those of the prophet were supported by Aaron and Hur. It seems probable that Kettledrummle allotted this part in the success to his companions in adversity, lest they should be tempted to disclose his carnal self-seeking and falling away, in regarding too closely his own personal safety. These strong testimonies in favour of the liberated captives quickly flew abroad with many exaggerations among the victorious army. The reports on the subject were various; but it was universally agreed, that young Morton of Milnwood, the son of the stout soldier of the Covenant, Silas Morton, together with the precious Gabriel Kettledrummle, and a singular devout Christian woman, whom many thought as good as himself at extracting a doctrine

or an use, whether of terror or consolation, had arrived to support the good old cause, with a reinforcement of a hundred well-armed men from the Middle Ward.

CHAPTER V.

When pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,
Was beat with fist instead of a stick.
Hudibras.

In the mean time, the insurgent cavalry returned from the pursuit, jaded and worn out with their unwonted efforts, and the infantry assembled on the ground which they had won, fatigued with toil and hunger. Their success, however, was a cordial to every bosom, and seemed even to serve in the stead of food and refreshment. It was, indeed, much more brilliant than they durst have ventured to anticipate; for, with no great loss on their part, they had totally routed a regiment of picked men, commanded by the first officer in Scotland, and one whose very name had long been a terror to them. Their suc-

cess seemed even to have upon their spirits the effect of a sudden and violent surprise, so much had their taking up arms been a measure of desperation rather than of hope. Their meeting was also casual, and they had hastily arranged themselves under such commanders as were remarkable for zeal and courage, without much respect to any other qualities. It followed, from this state of disorganization, that the whole army appeared at once to resolve itself into a general committee for considering what steps were to be taken in consequence of their success, and no opinion could be started so wild that it had not some favourers and advocates. Some proposed they should march to Glasgow, some to Hamilton, some to Edinburgh, some to London. Some were for sending a deputation of their number to London to convert Charles II. to a sense of the error of his ways, and others, less charitable, proposed either to call a new successor to the

crown, or to declare Scotland a free republic. A free parliament of the nation, and a free assembly of the Kirk, were the objects of the more sensible and moderate of the party. In the meanwhile, a clamour arose among the soldiers for bread and other necessaries, and while all complained of hardship and hunger, none took the necessary measures to procure supplies. In short, the camp of the Covenanters, even in the very moment of success, seemed about to dissolve like a rope of sand, from want of the original principles of combination and union.

Burley, who had now returned from the pursuit, found his followers in this distracted state. With the ready talent of one accustomed to encounter exigencies, he proposed, that one hundred of the freshest men should be drawn out for duty—that a small number of those who had hitherto acted as leaders, should constitute a committee of direction until officers should be regularly chosen—and that, to

crown the victory, Gabriel Kettledrummle should be called upon to improve the providential success which they had obtained by a word in season addressed to the army. He reckoned very much, and not without reason, on this last expedient, as a means of engaging the attention of the bulk of the insurgents, while he himself, and two or three of their leaders, held a private council-of-war, undisturbed by the discordant opinions or senseless clamour of the general body.

Kettledrummle more than answered the expectations of Burley. Two mortal hours did he preach at a breathing; and certainly no lungs, or doctrine, excepting his own, could have kept up, for so long a time, the attention of men in such precarious circumstances. But he possessed in perfection a sort of rude and familiar eloquence peculiar to the preachers of that period, which, though it would have been fastidiously rejected by an audience which possessed any portion of taste, was a cake

of the right leaven for the palates of those whom he now addressed. His text was from the forty-ninth chapter of Isaiah. "Even the captives of the mighty shall be taken away, and the prey of the terrible shall be delivered; for I will contend with them that contendeth with thee, and I will save thy children.

"And I will feed them that oppress thee with their own flesh, and they shall be drunken with their own blood as with sweet wine, and all flesh shall know that I the Lord am thy Saviour, and thy Redeemer, the Mighty One of Jacob."

The discourse which he pronounced upon this subject was divided into fifteen heads, each of which was garnished with seven uses of application, two of consolation, two of terror, two declaring the causes of backsliding and of wrath, and one announcing the promised and expected deliverance. The first part of his text he applied to his own deliverance and that of his companions, and took occasion to speak

a few words in praise of young Milnwood, of whom, as of a champion of the Covenant, he augured great things. The second part he applied to the punishments which were about to fall upon the persecuting government. At times he was familiar and colloquial; now he was loud, energetic, and boisterous;—some parts of his discourse might be called sublime, and others sunk below burlesque. Occasionally he vindicated with great animation the right of every freeman to worship God according to his own conscience; and presently he charged the guilt and misery of the people on the awful negligence of their rulers, who had not only failed to establish presbytery as the national religion, but had tolerated sectaries of various descriptions, Papists, Prelatists, Erastians assuming the name of Presbyterians, Independants, Socinians, and Quakers; all of whom, Kettledrummle proposed, by one sweeping act, to expel from the land, and thus re-edify in its integrity the beauty of

the sanctuary. He next handled very pithily the doctrine of defensive arms and of resistance to Charles II., observing, that, instead of a nursing father to the Kirk, that monarch had been a nursing father to none but his own bastards. He went at some length through the life and conversation of that joyous prince, few parts of which, it must be owned, were qualified to stand the rough handling of so uncourtly an orator, who conferred on him the hard names of Jeroboam, Omri, Ahab, Shallum, Pekah, and every other evil monarch recorded in the Chronicles, and concluded with a round application of the Scripture, "Tophet is ordained of old; yea, for the KING it is provided: he hath made it deep and large; the pile thereof is fire and much wood: the breath of the Lord, like a stream of brimstone, doth kindle it."

Kettledrummle had so sooner ended his sermon, and descended from the huge rock which had served him for a pulpit,

than his post was occupied by a pastor of a very different description. The reverend Gabriel was advanced in years, somewhat corpulent, with a loud voice, a square face, and a set of stupid and unanimated features, in which the body seemed more to predominate over the spirit than was seemly in a sound divine. The youth who succeeded him in exhorting this extraordinary convocation, was hardly twenty years old, yet his thin features already indicated, that a constitution, naturally hectic, was worn out by vigils, by fasts, by the rigour of imprisonment, and the fatigues incident to a fugitive life. Young as he was, he had been twice imprisoned for several months, and suffered many severities, which gave him great influence with those of his own sect. He threw his faded eyes over the multitude and over the scene of battle, and a light of triumph arose in his glance, his pale yet striking features were coloured with a transient and

hectic blush of joy. He folded his hands, raised his face to Heaven, and seemed lost in mental prayer and thanksgiving ere he addressed the people. When he spoke, his faint and broken voice seemed at first inadequate to express his conceptions. But the deep silence of the assembly, the eagerness with which the ear gathered every word, as the famished Israelites collected the heavenly manna, had a corresponding effect upon the preacher himself. His words became more distinct, his manner more earnest and energetic; it seemed as if religious zeal was triumphing over bodily weakness and infirmity. His natural eloquence was not altogether untainted with the coarseness of his sect, and yet, by the influence of a good natural taste, it was freed from the grosser and more ludicrous errors of his contemporaries; and the language of Scripture, which, in their mouths, was sometimes degraded by misapplication, gave, in Macbriar's exhortation, a rich and

solemn effect, like that which is produced by the beams of the sun streaming through the storied representation of saints and martyrs on the Gothic window of some ancient cathedral.

He painted the desolation of the church, during the late period of her distresses, in the most affecting colours. He described her, like Hagar watching the waning life of her infant amid the fountainless desert; like Judah, under her palm-tree, mourning for the devastation of her temple; like Rachael, weeping for her children and refusing comfort. But he chiefly rose into rough sublimity when addressing the men yet reeking from battle. He called on them to remember the great things which God had done for them, and to persevere in the career which their victory had opened.

"Your garments are dyed—but not with the juice of the wine-press; your swords are filled with blood," he exclaimed, "but not with the blood of goats or lambs; the

dust of the desart on which ye stand is made fat with gore, but not with the blood of bullocks, for the Lord hath a sacrifice in Bozrah, and a great slaughter in the land of Idumea. These were not the first-lings of the flock, the small cattle of burnt-offerings, whose bodies lie like dung on the ploughed field of the husbandman; this is not the savour of myrrh, of frankincense, or of sweet herbs, that is steaming in your nostrils; but these bloody trunks are the carcases of those that held the bow and the lance, who were cruel and would shew no mercy, whose voice roared like the sea, who rode upon horses, every man in array as if to battle—they are the carcases even of the mighty men of war that came against Jacob in the day of his deliverance, and the smoke is that of the devouring fires that have consumed them. And those wild hills that surround you are not a sanctuary planked with cedar and plated with silver; nor are ye ministering priests at the altar, with censors and with

torches, but ye hold in your hands the sword, and the bow, and the weapons of death—And yet verily, I say unto you, that not when the ancient Temple was in its first glory was there offered sacrifice more acceptable than that which you have this day presented, giving to the slaughter the tyrant and the oppressor, with the rocks for your altars, and the sky for your vaulted sanctuary, and your own good swords for the instruments of sacrifice. Leave not, therefore, the plough in the furrow—turn not back from the path in which you have entered, like the famous worthies of old, whom God raised up for the glorifying of his name and the deliverance of his afflicted people—halt not in the race you are running, lest the latter end should be worse than the beginning. Wherefore, set up a standard in the land; blow a trumpet upon the mountains; let not the shepherd tarry by his sheepfold, or the seedsman continue in the ploughed field, but make the

watch strong, sharpen the arrows, burnish the shields, name ye the captains of thousands, and captains of hundreds, of fifties, and of tens; call the footmen like the rushing of winds, and cause the horsemen to come up like the sound of many waters, for the passages of the destroyers are stopped, their rods are burned, and the face of their men of battle hath been turned to flight. Heaven has been with you, and has broken the bow of the mighty; then let every man's heart be as the heart of the valiant Maccabeus, every man's hand as the hand of the mighty Sampson, every man's sword as that of Gideon, which turned not back from the slaughter; for the banner of Reformation is spread abroad on the mountains in its first loveliness, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.

"Well is he this day that shall barter his house for a helmet, and sell his garment for a sword, and cast in his lot with the children of the Covenant, even to the

fulfilling of the promise; and woe, woe unto him who, for carnal ends and self-seeking, shall withhold himself from the great work, for the curse shall abide with him, even the bitter curse of Meroz, because he came not to the help of the Lord against the mighty. Up, then, and be doing; the blood of martyrs, reeking upon scaffolds, is crying for vengeance; the bones of saints, which lie whitening in the highways, are pleading for retribution; the groans of innocent captives from desolate isles of the sea, and from the dungeons of the tyrants' high places, cry for deliverance; the prayers of persecuted Christians, sheltering themselves in dens and desarts from the sword of their persecutors, famished with hunger, starving with cold, lacking fire, food, shelter, and cloathing, because they serve God rather than man—all are with you, pleading, watching, knocking, storming the gates of heaven in your behalf. Heaven itself shall

fight for you, as the stars in their courses fought against Sisera. Then whoso will deserve immortal fame in this world, and eternal happiness in that which is to come, let them enter into God's service, and take arles at the hand of his servant,—a blessing, namely, upon him and his household, and his children, to the ninth generation, even the blessing of the promise, for ever and ever! Amen."

The eloquence of the preacher was rewarded by the deep hum of stern approbation which resounded through the armed assemblage at the conclusion of an exhortation so well suited to that which they had done, and that which remained for them to do. The wounded forgot their pain, the faint and hungry their fatigues and privations, as they listened to doctrines which elevated them alike above the wants and calamities of the world, and identified their cause with that of the Deity. Many crowded around the preacher, as he de-

scended from the eminence on which he stood, and, clasping him with hands on which the gore was yet hardened, pledged their sacred vow that they would play the part of Heaven's true soldiers. Exhausted by his own enthusiasm, and by the animated fervour which he had exerted in his discourse, the preacher could only reply, in broken accents,—" God bless you, my brethren—it is HIS cause.—Stand strongly up and play the men—the worst that can befal us is but a brief and bloody passage to heaven."

Balfour, and the other leaders, had not lost the time which was employed in these spiritual exercises. Watch-fires were lighted, centinels were posted, and arrangements were made to refresh the army with such provisions as had been hastily collected from the nearest farm-houses and villages. The present necessity thus provided for, they turned their thoughts to the future. They had dispatched parties to

spread the news of their victory, and to obtain, either by force or favour, supplies of what they stood most in need. In this they had succeeded beyond their hopes, having at one village seized a small magazine of provisions, forage, and ammunition, which had been provided for the royal forces. This success not only gave them relief at the time, but such hopes for the future, that whereas formerly some of their number began to slacken in their zeal, they now unanimously resolved to abide together in arms, and commit themselves and their cause to the event of war.

And whatever may be thought of the extravagance or narrow-minded bigotry of many of their tenets, it is impossible to deny the praise of devoted courage to a few hundred peasants, who, without leaders, without money, without magazines, without any fixed plan of action, and almost without arms, borne out only by their innate zeal, and a detestation of the op-

pression of their rulers, ventured to declare open war against an established government, supported by a regular army, and the whole force of three kingdoms.

CHAPTER VI.

Why, then, say an old man can do somewhat.
Henry IV. Part II.

We must now return to the Tower of Tillietudlem, which the march of the Life-Guards, on the morning of this eventful day, had left to silence and anxiety. The assurances of Lord Evandale had not succeeded in quelling the apprehensions of Edith. She knew him generous, and faithful to his word; but it seemed too plain that he suspected the object of her intercession to be a successful rival; and was it not expecting from him an effort above human nature, to suppose that he was to watch over Morton's safety, and rescue him from all the dangers to which his state of imprisonment, and the suspicions which

he had incurred, must repeatedly expose him? She therefore resigned herself to the most heart-rending apprehensions, without admitting, and indeed almost without listening to, the multifarious grounds of consolation which Jenny Dennison brought forward, one after another, like a skilful general, who charges with the several divisions of his troops in regular succession.

First, Jenny was morally positive that young Milnwood would come to no harm—then, if he did, there was consolation in the reflection, that Lord Evandale was the better and more appropriate match of the two—then, there was every chance of a battle in which the said Lord Evandale might be killed, and there wad be nae mair fash about that job—then, if the whigs gat the better, Milnwood and Cuddie might come to the Castle, and carry off the beloved of their hearts by the strong hand.

"For I forgot to tell ye, madam," continued the damsel, putting her handker-

chief to her eyes, "that puir Cuddie's in the hands of the Philistines as weel as young Milnwood, and he was brought here a prisoner this morning, and I was fain to speak Tam Halliday fair, and fleech him, to let me near the puir creature; but Cuddie wasna sae thankfu' as he needed till hae been neither," she added, and at the same time changed her tone, and briskly withdrew the handkerchief from her face; "so I will ne'er waste my e'en wi' greeting about the matter. There wad be aye enow o' young men left, if they were to hang the tae half o' them."

The other inhabitants of the Castle were also in a state of dissatisfaction and anxiety. Lady Margaret thought that Colonel Grahame, in commanding an execution at the door of her house, and refusing to grant a reprieve at her request, had fallen short of the deference due to her rank, and had even encroached on her seignorial rights.

"The Colonel," she said, "ought to have remembered, brother, that the barony of Tillietudlem has the baronial privilege of pit and gallows, and therefore, if the lad was to be executed on my estate, (which I consider as an unhandsome thing, seeing it is in the possession of females, to whom such tragedies cannot be acceptable) he ought, at common law, to have been delivered up to my baillie, and justified at his sight."

"Martial law, sister," answered Major Bellenden, "supersedes every other. But I must own I think Colonel Grahame rather deficient in attention to you; and I am not over and above pre-eminently flattered by his granting to young Evandale (I suppose because he is a lord and has interest with the privy-council) a request which he refused to so old a servant of the king as I am. But so long as the poor young fellow's life is saved, I can comfort myself with the fag end of a ditty as old

as myself. And therewithal, he hummed a stanza:—

'And what though winter will pinch severe
Through locks of grey and a cloak that's old,
Yet keep up thy heart, bold cavalier,
For a cup of sack shall fence the cold.'

"I must be your guest here to-day, sister. I wish to hear the issue of this gathering on Loudon-hill, though I cannot conceive their standing a body of horse appointed like our guests this morning.—Woes me, the time has been that I would have liked ill to have sate in biggit wa's waiting for the news of a skirmish to be fought within ten miles of me! But, as the old song goes,

'For time will rust the brightest blade,
And years will break the strongest bow;
Was never wight so starkly made,
But time and years would overthrow.'

"We are well pleased you will stay, brother," said Lady Margaret; "I will take

my old privilege to look after my household, whom this collation has thrown into some disorder, although it is uncivil to leave you alone."

"O, I hate ceremony as I hate a stumbling horse," replied the Major. "Besides, your person would be with me, and your mind with the cold meat and reversionary pasties.—Where is Edith?"

"Gone to her room a little evil-disposed, I am informed, and laid down in her bed for a gliff," said her grandmother; "as soon as she wakes, she shall take some drops."

"Pooh! pooh! she's only sick of the soldiers," answered Major Bellenden.—"She's not accustomed to see one acquaintance led out to be shot, and another marching off to actual service with some chance of not finding his way back again. She would soon be used to it, if the civil war were to break out again."

"God forbid, brother!" said Lady Margaret.

"Ay, Heaven forbid, as you say—and, in the mean time, I'll take a hit at trick-track with Harrison."

"He has ridden out, sir," said Gudyill, "to try if he can hear any tidings of the battle."

"D—n the battle," said the Major; "it puts this family as much out of order as if there had never been such a thing in the country before—and yet there was such a place as Kilsythe, John."

"Ay, and as Tippermuir, your honour," replied Gudyill, "where I was his honour, my late master's, rear-rank man."

"And Alford, John, where I commanded the horse; and Innerlochy, where I was the great Marquis's aid-de-camp; and Auld Earn, and Brig o' Dee."

"And Philiphaugh, your honour," said John.

"Umph!" replied the Major; "the less, John, we say about that matter the better."

However, being once fairly embarked on the subject of Montrose's campaign,

the Major and John Gudyill carried on the war so stoutly, as for a considerable time to keep at bay the formidable enemy called Time, with whom retired veterans, during the quiet close of a bustling life, usually wage an unceasing hostility.

It has been frequently remarked, that the tidings of important events fly with a celerity almost beyond the power of credibility, and that reports, correct in the general point, though inaccurate in details, precede the certain intelligence, as if carried by the birds of the air. Such rumours anticipate the reality, not unlike to the "shadows of coming events" which occupy the imagination of the Highland Seer. Harrison, in his ride, encountered some such report concerning the event of the battle, and turned his horse back to Tillietudlem in great dismay. He made it his first business to seek out the Major, and interrupted him in the midst of a prolix account of the siege and storm of Dundee, with the ejaculation, "Heaven send,

Major, that we do not see a siege of Tillietudlem before we are many days older."

"How is that, Harrison?—what the devil do you mean?" exclaimed the astonished veteran.

"Troth, sir, there is strong and increasing belief that Claver'se is clean broken, some say killed; that the soldiers are all dispersed, and that the rebels are hastening this way, threatening death and devastation to a' that will not take the Covenant."

"I will never believe that," said the Major, starting on his feet—"I will never believe that the Life Guards would retreat before rebels;—and yet why need I say that," he continued, checking himself, "when I have seen such sights myself?—Send out Pike, and one or two of the servants, for intelligence, and let all the men in the Castle and in the village that can be trusted take up arms. This old tower may hold them play a bit, if it were but victualled and garrisoned, and it commands the pass

between the high and low countries.—It's lucky I was here.—Go, muster men, Harrison. You, Gudyill, look what provisions you have or can get brought in, and be ready, if the news be confirmed, to knock down as many bullocks as you have salt for.—The well never goes dry.—There are some old-fashioned guns on the battlements; if we had but ammunition, we should do well enough."

"The soldiers left some casks of ammunition at the Grange this morning, to bide their return," said Harrison.

"Hasten, then," said the Major, "and bring it into the Castle, with every pike, sword, pistol, or gun, that is within our reach; don't leave so much as a bodkin—lucky that I was here.—I will speak to my sister instantly."

Lady Margaret Bellenden was astounded at intelligence so unexpected and so alarming. It had seemed to her that the imposing force which had that morning left her

walls, was sufficient to have routed all the disaffected in Scotland, if collected in a body; and her first reflection was upon the inadequacy of their own means of resistance, to an army strong enough to have defeated Claverhouse and such select troops.

"Woes me! woes me!" said she; "what will all that we can do avail us, brother?—What will resistance do but bring sure destruction on the house, and on the bairn Edith; for, God knows, I think nae on my ain auld life."

"Come, sister," said the Major, "you must not be cast down; the place is strong, the rebels ignorant and ill-provided; my brother's house shall not be made a den of thieves and rebels whiles old Miles Bellenden is in it. My hand is weaker than it was, but I thank my old grey hairs that I have some knowledge of war yet. Here comes Pike with intelligence.—What news, Pike? Another Philiphaugh job, eh?"

"Ay, ay," said Pike, composedly; "a

total scattering.—I thought this morning little gude would come of their new-fangled gate of slinging their carabines."

"Whom did you see?—Who gave you the news?" asked the Major.

"O, mair than half-a-dozen dragoon fellows that are a' on the spur whilk to get first to Hamilton. They'll win the race, I warrant them, win the battle wha like."

"Continue your preparations, Harrison; get your ammunition in, and the cattle killed. Send down to the borough-town for what meat you can get in. We must not lose an instant.—Had not Edith and you, sister, better return to Charnwood, while we have the means of sending you there?"

"No, brother," said Lady Margaret, looking very pale, but speaking with the greatest composure; "since the auld house is to be held out, I will take my chance in it; I have fled twice from it in my days, and I have aye found it desolate of its bravest and its bonniest when I returned, sae

that I will e'en abide now, and end my pilgrimage in it."

"It may, on the whole, be the safest course both for Edith and you," said the Major; "for the whigs will rise all the way between this and Glasgow, and make your travelling there, or your dwelling at Charnwood, very unsafe."

"So be it, then," said Lady Margaret; "and, dear brother, as the nearest blood-relation of my deceased husband, I deliver to you, by this symbol,"—(here she gave into his hand the venerable gold-headed staff of the deceased Earl of Torwood)—"the keeping and government and seneschalship of my Tower of Tillietudlem, and the appurtenances thereof, with full power to kill, slay, and damage those who shall assail the same, as freely as I might do myself. And I trust you will so defend it, as becomes a house in which his most sacred majesty has not disdained"——

"Pshaw! sister," interrupted the Ma-

jor, "we have no time to speak about the king and his breakfast just now!"

And, hastily leaving the room, he hurried, with all the alertness of a young man of twenty-five, to examine the state of his garrison, and superintend the measures which were necessary for defending the place.

The Tower of Tillietudlem, having very thick walls, and very narrow windows, having also a very strong court-yard wall, with flanking turrets on the only accessible side, and rising on the other from the very verge of a precipice, was fully capable of defence against any thing but a train of heavy artillery.

Famine or escalade was what the garrison had chiefly to fear. For artillery, the top of the Tower was mounted with some antiquated wall-pieces, and small cannons, which bore the old-fashioned names of culverins, sakers, demi-sakers, falcons, and falconets. These, the Major, with the assistance of John Gudyill, caused to be sca-

led and loaded, and pointed them so as to command the road over the brow of the opposite hill by which the rebels must advance, causing, at the same time, two or three trees to be cut down, which would have impeded the effect of the artillery when it should be necessary to use it. With the trunks of these trees, and other materials, he directed barricades to be constructed upon the winding avenue which rose to the Tower from the high-road, taking care that each should command the other. The large gate of the court-yard he barricadoed yet more strongly, leaving only a wicket open for the convenience of passage. What he had most to apprehend, was the slenderness of his garrison; for all the efforts of the steward were unable to get more than nine men under arms, himself and Gudyill included, so much more popular was the cause of the insurgents than that of the government. Major Bellenden, and his trusty servant Pike, made the garrison eleven in number,

of whom one half were old men. The round dozen might indeed have been made up, would Lady Margaret have consented that Goose Gibbie should again take up arms. But she recoiled from the proposal, when moved by Gudyill, with such abhorrent recollection of the former achievements of that luckless cavalier, that she declared she would rather the Castle were lost than that he were to be enrolled in the defence of it. With eleven men, however, himself included, Major Bellenden determined to hold out the place to the uttermost.

The arrangements for defence were not made without the degree of fracas incidental to such occasions. Women shrieked, cattle bellowed, dogs howled, men ran to and fro, cursing and swearing without intermission, the lumbering of the old guns backwards and forwards shook the battlements, the court resounded with the hasty gallop of messengers who went and returned upon errands of importance, and

the din of warlike preparation was mingled with the sounds of female lamentation.

Such a Babel of discord might have awakened the slumbers of the very dead, and, therefore, was not long ere it dispelled the abstracted reveries of Edith Bellenden. She sent out Jenny to bring her the cause of the tumult which shook the castle to its very basis; but Jenny, once engaged in the bustling tide, found so much to ask and to hear that she forgot the state of anxious uncertainty in which she had left her young mistress. Having no pigeon to dismiss in pursuit of information when her raven-messenger had failed to return with it, Edith was compelled to venture in quest of it out of the ark of her own chamber into the deluge of confusion which overflowed the rest of the castle. Six voices speaking at once, informed her, in reply to her first enquiry, that Claver'se and all his men were killed, and that ten thousand whigs were marching to besiege the castle, headed by John Balfour of Bur-

ley, young Milnwood, and Cuddie Headrigg. This strange association of persons seemed to infer the falsehood of the whole story, and yet the general bustle in the castle intimated that danger was certainly apprehended.

"Where is Lady Margaret?" was Edith's second question.

"In her oratory," was the reply; a cell adjoining to the old chapel in which the good old lady was wont to spend the greater part of the days destined by the rules of the Episcopal Church to devotional observances, as also the anniversaries of those on which she had lost her husband and her children, and, finally, those hours, in which a deeper and more solemn address to Heaven was called for, by national or domestic calamity.

"Where, then," said Edith, much alarmed, "is Major Bellenden?"

"On the battlements of the Tower, madam, pointing the cannon," was the reply.

To the battlements, therefore, she made

her way, impeded by a thousand obstacles, and found the old gentleman, in the midst of his natural military element, commanding, rebuking, encouraging, instructing, and exercising all the numerous duties of a good governor.

"In the name of God, what is the matter, uncle?" exclaimed Edith.

"The matter, my love?" answered the Major coolly, as, with spectacles on his nose, he examined the position of a gun—"the matter?—Why—raise her breech a thought more, John Gudyill—the matter? Why, Claver'se is routed, my dear, and the whigs are coming down upon us in force, that's all the matter."

"Gracious powers!" said Edith, whose eye at that instant caught a glance of the road which ran up the river, "and yonder they come."

"Yonder? where?" said the veteran, and, his eyes taking the same direction, beheld a large body of horsemen coming down the path. "Stand to your guns, my

lads," was the first exclamation; "we'll make them pay toll as they pass the heugh. —But stay, stay, these are certainly the Life Guards."

"O no, uncle, no," replied Edith; "see how disorderly they ride, and how ill they keep their ranks; these cannot be the fine soldiers who left us this morning."

"Ah, my dear girl!" answered the Major, "you do not know the difference between men before a battle and after a defeat; but the Life Guards it is, for I see the red and blue and the King's colours. I am glad they have brought them off, however."

His opinion was confirmed as the troopers approached nearer, and finally halted on the road beneath the Tower; while their commanding officer, leaving them to breathe and refresh their horses, hastily rode up the hill.

"It is Claverhouse, sure enough," said the Major; "I am glad he has escaped, but he has lost his famous black horse.

Let Lady Margaret know, John Gudyill; order some refreshments; get oats for the soldiers' horses; and let us to the hall, Edith, to meet him. I surmise we shall hear but indifferent news."

CHAPTER VII.

With careless gesture, mind unmoved,
On rade he north the plain,
His seem in thrang of fiercest strife,
When winner aye the same.

Hardyknute.

COLONEL GRAHAME of Claverhouse met the family, assembled in the hall of the Tower, with the same serenity and the same courtesy which had graced his manners in the morning. He had even had the composure to rectify in part the disorders of his dress, to wash the signs of battle from his face and hands, and did not appear more disordered in his exterior than if returned from a morning ride.

"I am grieved, Colonel Grahame," said the reverend old lady, the tears trickling down her face, "deeply grieved."

"And I am grieved, my dear Lady Margaret," replied Claverhouse, "that this misfortune may render your remaining at Tillietudlem dangerous for you, especially considering your recent hospitality to the King's troops, and your well-known loyalty. And I came here chiefly to request Miss Bellenden and you to accept my escort (if you will not scorn that of a poor runaway) to Glasgow, from whence I will see you safely sent either to Edinburgh or to Dumbarton Castle, as you shall think best."

"I am much obliged to you, Colonel Grahame," replied Lady Margaret, "but my brother, Major Bellenden, has taken on him the responsibility of holding out this house against the rebels; and, please God, they shall never drive Margaret Bellenden from her ain hearth-stane while there's a brave man that says he can defend it."

"And will Major Bellenden undertake this?" said Claverhouse hastily, a joyful

light glancing from his dark eye as he turned it on the veteran,—" Yet why should I question it? it is of a piece with the rest of his life.—But have you the means, Major?"

" All, but men and provisions, with which we are ill supplied," answered the Major.

" As for men," said Claverhouse, " I will leave you a dozen or twenty fellows who will make good a breach against the devil. It will be of the utmost service, if you can defend the place but a week, and by that time you must surely be relieved."

" I will make it good for that space, Colonel," replied the Major, " with twenty-five good men and store of ammunition, if we should gnaw the soles of our shoes for hunger; but I trust we shall get in provisions from the country."

" And, Colonel Grahame, if I might presume a request," said Lady Margaret,

"I would entreat that Serjeant Francis Stuart might command the auxiliaries whom you are so good as to add to the garrison of our people; it may serve to legitimate his promotion, and I have a prejudice in favour of his noble birth."

"The serjeant's wars are ended, madam," said Grahame, in an unaltered tone, "and he now needs no promotion that an earthly master can give."

"Pardon me," said Major Bellenden, taking Claverhouse by the arm, and turning him away from the ladies, "but I am anxious for my friends; I fear you have other and more important loss. I observe another officer carries your nephew's standard."

"You are right, Major Bellenden," answered Claverhouse firmly; "my nephew is no more. He has died in his duty as became him."

"Great God!" exclaimed the Major, "how unhappy!—the handsome, gallant, high-spirited youth!"

"He was, indeed, all you say," answered Claverhouse; "poor Richard was to me as an eldest son, the apple of my eye, and my destined heir; but he died in his duty, and I—I—Major Bellenden"—(he wrung the Major's hand hard as he spoke)—I live to avenge him."

"Colonel Grahame," said the affectionate veteran, his eyes filling with tears, "I am glad to see you bear this misfortune with such fortitude."

"I am not a selfish man," replied Claverhouse, "though the world will tell you otherwise; I am not selfish either in my hopes or fears, my joys or sorrows. I have not been severe for myself, or grasping for myself, or ambitious for myself. The service of my master and the good of the country is what I have tried to aim at. I may, perhaps, have driven severity into cruelty, but I acted for the best; and now I will not yield to my own feelings a deeper sympathy than I have given to those of others."

"I am astonished at your fortitude under all the unpleasant circumstances of this affair," pursued the Major.

"Yes," replied Claverhouse, "my enemies in the council will lay this misfortune to my charge—I despise their accusations. They will calumniate me to my sovereign—I can repel their charge. The public enemy will exult in my flight—I shall find a time to shew them that they exult too early. This youth that has fallen stood betwixt a grasping kinsman and my inheritance, for you know that my marriage-bed is barren; yet, peace be with him! the country can better spare him than your friend Lord Evandale, who, after behaving very gallantly, has, I fear, also fallen."

"What a fatal day!" ejaculated the Major. "I heard a report of this, but it was again contradicted; it was added, that the poor young nobleman's impetuosity had occasioned the loss of this unhappy field."

"Not so, Major," said Grahame; "let the living officers bear the blame, if there be any, and let the laurels flourish untarnished on the grave of the fallen. I do not, however, speak of Lord Evandale's death as certain; but killed, or prisoner, I fear he must be. Yet he was extricated from the tumult the last time we spoke together. We were then on the point of leaving the field with a rear-guard of scarce twenty men; the rest of the regiment were almost dispersed."

"They have rallied again soon," said the Major, looking from the window on the dragoons, who were feeding their horses and refreshing themselves beside the brook.

"Yes," answered Claverhouse, "my blackguards had little temptation either to desert, or to straggle farther than they were driven by their first panic. There is small friendship and scant courtesy between them and the boors of this country; every village they pass is likely to rise on

them, and so the scoundrels are driven back to their colours by a wholesome terror of spits, pike-staves, hay-forks, and broom-sticks.—But now let us talk about your plans and wants, and the means of corresponding with you. To tell you the truth, I doubt being able to make a long stand at Glasgow, even when I have joined my Lord Ross; for this transient and accidental success of the fanatics will raise the devil through all the western counties."

They then discussed Major Bellenden's means of defence, and settled a plan of correspondence, in case a general insurrection took place, as was to be expected. Claverhouse renewed his offer to escort the ladies to a place of safety; but, all things considered, Major Bellenden thought they would be in equal safety at Tillietudlem.

The Colonel then took a polite leave of Lady Margaret and Miss Bellenden, assuring them, that, though he was reluctantly

obliged to leave them for the present in dangerous circumstances, yet his earliest means should be turned to the redemption of his character as a good knight and true, and that they might speedily rely on hearing from or seeing him.

Full of doubt and apprehension, Lady Margaret was little able to reply to a speech so much in unison with her usual expressions and feelings, but contented herself with bidding Claverhouse farewell, and thanking him for the succours which he had promised to leave them. Edith longed to enquire the fate of Henry Morton, but could find no pretext for doing so, and could only hope that it had made a subject of some part of the long private communication which her uncle had held with Claverhouse. On this subject, however, she was disappointed; for the old cavalier was so deeply immersed in the duties of his new office, that he had scarce said a single word to Claverhouse, excepting upon military matters, and most pro-

bably would have been equally forgetful had the fate of his own son, instead of his friend's, lain in the balance.

Claverhouse now descended the bank on which the castle is founded, in order to put his troops again in motion, and Major Bellenden accompanied him to receive the detachment who were to be left in the Tower.

"I shall leave Inglis with you," said Claverhouse, "for, as I am situated, I cannot spare an officer of rank; it is all we can do, by our joint efforts, to keep the men together. But should any of our missing officers make their appearance I authorise you to detain them, for my fellows can with difficulty be subjected to any other authority."

His troops being now drawn up, he picked out sixteen men by name, and committed them to the command of Corporal Inglis, whom he promoted to the rank of serjeant upon the spot.

"And hark ye, gentlemen," was his con-

cluding harangue, " I leave you to defend the house of a lady, and under the command of her brother, Major Bellenden, a faithful servant of the King. You are to behave bravely, soberly, regularly, and obediently, and each of you shall be handsomely rewarded on my return to relieve the garrison. In case of mutiny, cowardice, neglect of duty, or the slightest excess in the family, the provost-marshal and cord —you know I keep my word for good and evil."

He touched his hat as he bade them adieu, and shook hands cordially with Major Bellenden.

" Adieu," he said, " my stout-hearted old friend! Good luck be with you, and better times to us both."

The horsemen whom he commanded had been once more reduced to tolerable order by the exertions of Major Allan, and, though shorn of their splendour, and with their gilding all besmirched, made a much

more regular and military appearance on leaving, for the second time, the Tower of Tillietudlem, than when they returned to it after their rout.

Major Bellenden, now left to his own resources, sent out several videttes, both to obtain supplies of provisions, and especially of meal, and to get knowledge of the motions of the enemy. All the news he could collect on the second subject tended to prove, that the insurgents meant to remain on the field of battle for that night. But they, also, had abroad their detachments and advanced guards to collect supplies, and great was the doubt and distress of those who received contrary orders in the name of the King and in that of the Kirk; the one commanding them to send provisions to victual the castle of Tillietudlem, and the other enjoining them to forward supplies to the camp of the godly professors of true religion, now in arms for the cause of covenanted re-

formation, presently pitched at Drumclog, nigh to Loudon-hill. Each summons closed with a denunciation of fire and sword if it was neglected, for neither party could confide so far in the loyalty or zeal of those whom they addressed, as to hope they would part with their property upon other terms. So that the poor people knew not what hand to turn themselves to; and, to say truth, there were some who turned themselves to more than one.

"Thir kittle times will drive the wisest o' us daft," said Niel Blane, the prudent host of the Howff; "but I'se aye keep a calm sough.—Jenny, what meal is in the girnel?"

"Four bows o' aitmeal, twa bows o' bear, and twa bows o' pease," was Jenny's reply.

"Aweel, hinny," continued Niel Blane, sighing deeply, "let Bauldie drive the pease and bear meal to the camp at Drumclog—he's a whig, and was the auld gude-

wife's pleughman—the mashlum bannocks will suit their moorland stamachs weel. He maun say it's the last unce o' meal in the house, or, if he scruples to tell a lie, (as it's no likely he will when it's for the gude o' the house,) he may wait till Duncan Glen, the auld drunk trooper, drives up the aitmeal to Tillietudlem, wi' my dutifu' service to my Leddy and the Major, and I haena as muckle left as will mak my parritch; and, if Duncan manage right, I'll gi'e him a tass o' whisky shall mak the blue low come out at his mouth."

"And what are we to eat oursels then, father, when we hae sent awa' the hail meal in the ark and the girnel?"

"We maun gar wheat-flour serve us for a blink," said Niel, in a tone of resignation; "it's no that ill food, though far frae being sae hearty or kindly to a Scotchman's stamach as the curney aitmeal is; the Englishers live amaist upon't; but, to

be sure, the pock-puddings ken nae better."

While the prudent and peaceful endeavoured, like Niel Blane, to make fair weather with both parties, those who had more public (or party) spirit, began to take arms on all sides. The royalists in the country were not numerous, but were respectable from their fortune and influence, being chiefly landed proprietors of ancient descent, who, with their brothers, cousins, and dependants, to the ninth generation, as well as their domestic servants, formed a sort of militia, capable of defending their own peel-houses against detached bodies of the insurgents, of resisting their demand of supplies, and intercepting those which were sent to the presbyterian camp by others. The news that the Tower of Tillietudlem was to be defended against the insurgents, afforded great courage and support to these feudal volunteers, who considered it as a strong-hold to which they

might retreat, in case it should become impossible for them to maintain the desultory war they were now about to wage.

On the other hand, the towns, the villages, the farm-houses, the properties of small heritors, sent forth numerous recruits to the presbyterian interest. These men had been the principal sufferers during the oppression of the time. Their minds were fretted, soured, and driven to desperation, by the various exactions and cruelties to which they had been subjected; and, although by no means united among themselves, either concerning the purpose of this formidable insurrection, or the means by which that purpose was to be obtained, most considered it as a door opened by Providence to obtain the liberty of conscience of which they had been long deprived, and to shake themselves free of a tyranny, directed both against body and soul. Numbers of these men, therefore, took up arms, and, in the phrase

of their time and party, prepared to cast in their lot with the victors of Loudon-hill.

CHAPTER VIII.

Ananias. I do not like the man: He is a heathen,
And speaks the language of Canaan truly.
Tribulation. You must await his calling, and the coming
Of the good spirit. You did ill to upbraid him.

The Alchemist.

We return to Henry Morton whom we left on the field of battle. He was eating, by one of the watch-fires, his portion of the provisions which had been distributed to the army, and musing deeply on the path which he was next to pursue, when Burley suddenly came up to him, accompanied by the young minister, whose exhortation after the victory had produced such a powerful effect.

"Henry Morton," said Balfour, abruptly, "the council of the army of the Covenant, confiding that the son of Silas Mor-

ton can never prove a lukewarm Laodicean, or an indifferent Gallio, in this great day, have nominated you to be a captain of their host, with the right of a vote in their council, and all authority fitting for an officer who is to command Christian men."

"Mr Balfour," replied Morton, without hesitation, "I feel this mark of confidence, and it is not surprising that a natural sense of the injuries of my country, not to mention those I have sustained in my own person, should make me sufficiently willing to draw my sword for liberty and freedom of conscience. But I will own to you, that I must be better satisfied concerning the principles on which you bottom your cause ere I can agree to take a command amongst you."

"And can you doubt of our principles," answered Burley, "since we have stated them to be the reformation both of church and state, the rebuilding of the decayed sanctuary, the gathering of the dispersed

saints, and the destruction of the man of sin?"

"I will own frankly, Mr Balfour," replied Morton, "much of this sort of language, which, I observe, is so powerful with others, is entirely lost on me. It is proper you should be aware of this before we commune further together." (The young clergyman here groaned deeply.) "I distress you, sir," said Morton; "but, perhaps, it is because you will not hear me out. I revere the Scriptures as deeply as you or any Christian can do. I look into them with humble hope of extracting a rule of conduct and a law of salvation. But I expect to find this by an examination of their general tenor, and of the spirit which they uniformly breathe, and not by wresting particular passages from their context, or by the application of Scriptural phrases to circumstances and events with which they have often very slender relation."

The divine, whose name was Ephraim

Macbriar, seemed shocked and thunderstruck with this declaration, and was about to remonstrate.

"Hush, Ephraim!" said Burley, "remember he is but as a babe in swaddling clothes.—Listen to me, Morton. I will speak to thee in the worldly language of that carnal reason, which is, for the present, thy blind and imperfect guide. What is the object for which thou art content to draw thy sword? Is it not that the church and state should be reformed by the free voice of a free parliament, with such laws as shall hereafter prevent the executive government from spilling the blood, torturing and imprisoning the persons, exhausting the estates, and trampling upon the consciences of men at their own wicked pleasure?"

"Most certainly," said Morton; "such I esteem legitimate causes of warfare, and for such I will fight while I can wield a sword."

"Nay, but," said Macbriar, "ye handle

this matter too tenderly, nor will my conscience permit me to fard or daub over the causes of divine wrath"——

"Peace, Ephraim Macbriar," again interrupted Burley.

"I will not peace," said the young man. "Is it not the cause of my Master who has sent me? Is it not a profane and an Erastian destroying of his authority, usurpation of his power, denial of his name, to place either King or parliament in his place as the master and governor of his household, the adulterous husband of his spouse?"

"You speak well," said Burley, dragging him aside, "but not wisely; your own ears have heard this night in council how this scattered remnant are broken and divided, and would ye now make a veil of separation between them? Would ye build a wall with unslacked mortar?—if a fox go up, it will breach it."

"I know," said the young clergyman, in reply, "that thou art faithful, honest,

and zealous, even unto slaying; but, believe me, this worldly craft, this temporizing with sin and with infirmity, is in itself a falling away, and I fear me Heaven will not honour us to do much more for His glory, when we seek to carnal cunning and to a fleshly arm. The sanctified end must be wrought by sanctified means."

"I tell thee," answered Balfour, "thy zeal is too rigid in this matter; we cannot yet do without the help of the Laodiceans and the Erastians; we must endure for a space the indulged in the midst of the council—the sons of Zeruiah are yet too strong for us."

"I tell thee I like it not," said Macbriar; "God can work deliverance by a few as well as by a multitude. The host of the faithful that was broken upon Pentland-hills, paid but the fitting penalty of acknowledging the carnal interest of that tyrant and oppressor, Charles Stuart."

"Well, then," said Balfour, "thou knowest the healing resolution that the

council have adopted to make a comprehending declaration, that may suit the tender consciences of all who groan under the yoke of our present oppressors. Return to the council if thou wilt, and get them to recall it, and send forth one upon narrower grounds. But abide not here to hinder my gaining over this youth whom my soul travails for; his name alone will call forth hundreds to our banners."

"Do as thou wilt, then," said Macbriar; "but I will not assist to mislead the youth, nor bring him into jeopardy of life, unless upon such grounds as will ensure his eternal reward."

The more artful Balfour then dismissed the impatient preacher, and returned to his proselyte.

That we may be enabled to dispense with detailing at length the arguments by which he urged Morton to join the insurgents, we shall take this opportunity to give a brief sketch of the person by whom they were used, and the motives which he

had for interesting himself so deeply in the conversion of young Morton to his cause.

John Balfour of Kinloch, or Burley, for he is designated both ways in the histories and proclamations of that melancholy period, was a gentleman of some fortune, and of good family, in the county of Fife, and had been a soldier from his youth upward. In the younger part of his life he had been wild and licentious, but had early laid aside open profligacy, and embraced the strictest tenets of Calvinism. Unfortunately, habits of excess and intemperance were more easily rooted out of his dark, saturnine, and enterprising spirit, than the vices of revenge and ambition, which continued, notwithstanding his religious professions, to exercise no small sway over his mind. Daring in design, precipitate and violent in execution, and going to the very extremity of the most rigid recusancy, it was his ambition to place himself at the head of the presbyterian interest.

To attain this eminence among the whigs, he had been active in attending their conventicles, and more than once had commanded them when they appeared in arms, and beaten off the forces sent to disperse them. At length, the gratification of his own fierce enthusiasm, joined, as some say, with motives of private revenge, placed him at the head of that party who assassinated the Primate of Scotland, as the author of the sufferings of the presbyterians. The violent measures adopted by government to revenge this deed, not on the perpetrators only, but on the whole professors of the religion to which they belonged, together with long previous sufferings, without any prospect of deliverance, except by force of arms, occasioned the insurrection, which, as we have already seen, commenced by the defeat of Claverhouse in the bloody skirmish of Loudonhill.

But Burley, notwithstanding the share he had in the victory, was far from finding

himself at the summit which his ambition aimed at. This was partly owing to the various opinions entertained among the insurgents concerning the murder of Archbishop Sharpe. The more violent among them did indeed approve of this act as a deed of justice, executed upon a persecutor of God's church through the immediate inspiration of the Deity; but the greater part of the presbyterians disowned the deed as a crime highly culpable, although they admitted, that the Archbishop's punishment had by no means exceeded his deserts. The insurgents differed in another main point, which has been already touched upon. The more warm and extravagant fanatics condemned, as guilty of a pusillanimous abandonment of the rights of the church, those preachers and congregations who were contented, in any manner, to exercise their religion through the permission of the ruling government. This, they said, was absolute Erastianism, or subjection of

the church of God to the regulations of an earthly government, and therefore but one degree better than prelacy or popery.—Again, the more moderate party were content to allow the king's title to the throne, and, in secular affairs, to acknowledge his authority, so long as it was exercised with due regard to the liberties of the subject, and in conformity to the laws of the realm. But the tenets of the wilder set, called, from their leader Richard Cameron, by the name of Cameronians, went the length of disowning the reigning monarch, and every one of his successors who should not acknowledge the Solemn League and Covenant. The seeds of disunion were, therefore, thickly sown in this ill-fated party; and Balfour, however enthusiastic, and however much attached to the most violent of those tenets which we have noticed, saw nothing but ruin to the general cause, if they were insisted on during this crisis, when unity was of so much consequence.

Hence he disapproved, as we have seen, of the honest, downright, and ardent zeal of Macbriar, and was extremely desirous to receive the assistance of the moderate party of presbyterians in the immediate overthrow of the government, with the hope of being hereafter able to dictate to them what should be substituted in its place.

He was, on this account, particularly anxious to secure the accession of Henry Morton to the cause of the insurgents. The memory of his father was generally esteemed among the presbyterians; and, as few persons of any decent quality had joined the insurgents, this young man's family and prospects were such as almost ensured his being chosen a leader. Through Morton's means, as being the son of his ancient comrade, Burley conceived he might exercise some influence over the more liberal part of the army, and ultimately, perhaps, ingratiate himself so far with them, as to be chosen commander-in-chief, which was the mark at which his

ambition aimed. He had, therefore, without waiting till any other person took up the subject, exalted to the council the talents and disposition of Morton, and easily obtained his elevation to the painful rank of a leader in this disunited and undisciplined army.

The arguments by which Balfour pressed Morton to accept of this dangerous promotion, as soon as he had gotten rid of his less artful and more uncompromising companion, Macbriar, were sufficiently artful and urgent. He did not affect either to deny or disguise that the sentiments which he himself entertained concerning church-government, went as far as those of the preacher who had just left them. But he argued, that when the affairs of the nation were at such a desperate crisis, minute difference of opinion should not prevent those who, in general, wished well to their oppressed country, from drawing their swords in its behalf. Many of the subjects of division, as, for example, that

concerning the Indulgence itself, arose, he observed, out of circumstances which would cease to exist, provided their attempt to free the country should be successful, seeing that the presbytery, being in that case triumphant, would need to make no such compromise with the government, and, consequently, with the abolition of the Indulgence, all discussion of its legality would be at once ended. He insisted much and strongly upon the necessity of taking advantage of this favourable crisis, upon the certainty of their being joined by the force of the whole western shires, and upon the gross guilt which those would incur, who, seeing the distress of the country, and the increasing tyranny with which it was governed, should, from fear or indifference, withhold their active aid from the good cause.

Morton wanted not these arguments to induce him to join in any insurrection, which might appear to have a feasible

prospect of freedom to the country. He doubted, indeed, greatly whether the present attempt was likely to be supported by the strength sufficient to ensure success, or by the wisdom and liberality of spirit necessary to make a good use of the advantages that might be gained. Upon the whole, however, considering the wrongs he had personally endured, and those which he had seen daily inflicted on his fellow-subjects; meditating also upon the precarious and dangerous situation in which he already stood with relation to the government, he conceived himself, in every point of view, called upon to join the body of presbyterians already in arms.

But, while he expressed to Burley his acquiescence in the vote which had named him a leader among the insurgents, and a member of their council of war, it was not without a qualification.

"I am willing," he said, "to contribute every thing within my limited power to ef-

fect the emancipation of my country. But do not mistake me. I disapprove, in the utmost degree, of the action in which this rising seems to have originated, and no arguments should induce me to join it, if it is to be carried on by such measures as that with which it has commenced."

Burley's blood rushed to his face, giving a ruddy and dark glow to his swarthy brow.

"You mean," he said, in a voice which he designed should not betray any emotion—"You mean the death of James Sharpe?"

"Frankly," answered Morton, "such is my meaning."

"You imagine, then," said Burley, "that the Almighty, in times of difficulty, does not raise up instruments to deliver his church from her oppressors? You are of opinion that the justice of an execution consists, not in the extent of the sufferer's crime, or in his having merited punishment, or in the wholesome and salutary ef-

fect which that example is likely to produce upon other evil-doers, but hold that it rests solely in the robe of the judge, the height of the bench, and the voice of the doomster? Is not just punishment justly inflicted, whether on the scaffold or the moor? And where constituted judges, from cowardice, or from having cast in their lot with transgressors, suffer them not only to pass at liberty through the land, but to sit in the high places, and dye their garments in the blood of the saints, is it not well done in any brave spirits who shall draw their private swords in the public cause?"

"I have no wish to judge this individual action," replied Morton, "further than is necessary to make you fully aware of my principles. I therefore repeat, that the case you have supposed does not satisfy my judgment. That the Almighty, in his mysterious providence, may bring a bloody man to an end deservedly bloody, does not vindicate those who, without authority of

any kind, take upon themselves to be the instruments of execution, and presume to call them the executors of divine vengeance."

"And were we not so?" said Burley, in a tone of fierce enthusiasm. "Were not we—was not every one who owned the interest of the Covenanted Church of Scotland, bound by that covenant to cut off the Judas who had sold the cause of God for fifty thousand merks a-year? Had we met him by the way as he came down from London, and there smitten him with the edge of the sword, we had done but the duty of men faithful to our cause, and to our oaths recorded in heaven. Was not the execution itself a proof of our warrant? Did not the Lord deliver him into our hands, when we looked out but for one of his inferior tools of persecution? Did we not pray to be resolved how we should act, and was it not borne in on our hearts as if it had been written on them with the point

of a diamond, 'Ye shall surely take him and slay him?'—Was not the tragedy full half an hour in acting ere the sacrifice was completed, and that in an open heath, and within the patroles of their garrisons, and yet who interrupted the great work?—What dog so much as bayed us during the pursuit, the taking, the slaying, and the dispersing? Then, who will say—who dare say, that a mightier arm than ours was not herein revealed?"

"You deceive yourself, Mr Balfour," said Morton; "such circumstances of facility of execution and escape have often attended the commission of the most enormous crimes. But it is not mine to judge you. I have not forgotten that the way was opened to the former liberation of Scotland by an action of violence which no man can justify,—the slaughter of Cumming by the hand of Robert Bruce; and, therefore, condemning this action, as I do and must, I am not unwilling to suppose that you may have motives vindicating it

in your own eye, though not to mine, or to those of sober reason. I only now mention it, because I desire you to understand, that I join a cause supported by men engaged in open war, which it is proposed to carry on according to the rules of civilized nations, without, in any respect, approving of the act of violence which gave immediate rise to it."

Balfour bit his lip, and with difficulty suppressed a violent answer. He perceived, with disappointment, that, upon points of principle, his young brother in arms possessed a clearness of judgment, and a firmness of mind, which afforded but little hope of his being able to exert that degree of influence over him which he had expected to possess. After a moment's pause, however, he said, with coolness, "My conduct is open to men and angels; the deed was not done in a corner; I am here in arms to avow it, and care not where, or by whom, I am called on to do so, whether in the council, the field of battle, the place of

execution, or the day of the last great trial. I will not now discuss it further with one who is yet on the outer side of the veil. But if you will cast in your lot with us as a brother, come with me to the council, who are still sitting, to arrange the future march of the army and the means of improving our victory."

Morton arose and followed him in silence, not greatly delighted with his associate, and better satisfied with the general justice of the cause which he had espoused, than either with the measures or motives of many of those who were embarked in it.

CHAPTER IX.

And look how many Grecian tents do stand
Hollow upon this plain—so many hollow factions.
Troilus and Cressida.

In a hollow of the hill, about a quarter of a mile from the field of battle, was a shepherd's hut, a miserable cottage, which, as the only enclosed spot within a moderate distance, the leaders of the presbyterian army had chosen for their council-house. Towards this spot Burley guided Morton, who was surprised, as he approached it, at the multifarious confusion of sounds which issued from its precincts. The calm and anxious gravity which it might be supposed would have presided in councils held on such important subjects, and at a period so critical, seemed to have given place to discord wild, and loud up-

roar, which fell on the ear of their new ally as an evil augury of their future measures. As they approached the door, they found it open indeed, but choked up with the bodies and heads of country-men, who, though no members of the council, felt no scruple in intruding themselves upon deliberations in which they were so deeply interested. By expostulation, by threats, and even by some degree of violence, Burley, the sternness of whose character maintained a sort of superiority over these disorderly forces, compelled the intruders to retire, and, introducing Morton into the cottage, secured the door behind them against impertinent curiosity. At a less agitating moment, the young man might have been entertained with the singular scene of which he now found himself an auditor and a spectator.

The precincts of the gloomy and ruinous hut were enlightened partly by some furze which blazed on the hearth, the smoke whereof, having no legal vent, eddied

around, and formed over the heads of the assembled council a cloudy canopy, as opake as their metaphysical theology, through which, like stars through mist, were dimly seen to twinkle a few blinking candles, or rather rushes dipped in tallow, the property of the poor owner of the cottage, which were stuck to the walls by patches of wet clay. This broken and dusky light shewed many a countenance elated with spiritual pride, or rendered dark by fierce enthusiasm; and some whose anxious, wandering, and uncertain looks shewed they felt themselves rashly embarked in a cause which they had neither courage nor conduct to bring to a good issue, yet knew not how to abandon, for very shame. They were, indeed, a doubtful and disunited body. The most active of their number were those concerned with Burley in the death of the Primate, four or five of whom had found their way to Loudon-hill, together with other men of the same relentless and uncompromising zeal, who had, in various

ways, given desperate and unpardonable offence to the government.

With them were mingled their preachers, men who had spurned at the indulgence offered by government, and preferred assembling their flocks in the wilderness, to worshipping in temples built by human hands, if their doing the latter could be construed to admit any right on the part of their rulers to interfere with the supremacy of the Kirk. The other class of counsellors were such gentlemen of small fortune, and substantial farmers, as a sense of intolerable oppression had induced to take arms and join the insurgents. These also had their clergymen with them, who, having many of them taken advantage of the indulgence, were prepared to resist the measures of the more violent, who proposed a declaration in which they should give testimony against the warrants and instructions for indulgence as sinful and unlawful acts. This delicate question had been passed over in silence in the first

draught of the manifestos which they intended to publish, of the reasons of their gathering in arms; but it had been stirred anew during Balfour's absence, and, to his great vexation, he now found that both parties had opened upon it in full cry, Macbriar, Kettledrummle, and other teachers of the wanderers, being at the very spring-tide of polemical discussion with Peter Poundtext, the indulged pastor of Milnwood's parish, who, it seems, had e'en girded himself with a broad-sword, but, ere he was called upon to fight for the good cause of presbytery in the field, was manfully defending his own dogmata in the council. It was the din of this conflict, maintained chiefly between Poundtext and Kettledrummle, together with the clamour of their adherents, which had saluted Morton's ears upon approaching the cottage. Indeed, as both the divines were men well gifted with words and lungs, and each fierce, ardent, and intolerant in defence of his own doctrine, prompt in the

recollection of texts wherewith they battered each other without mercy, and deeply impressed with the importance of the subject of discussion, the noise of the debate betwixt them fell little short of that which might have attended an actual bodily conflict.

Burley, scandalized at the disunion implied in this virulent strife of tongues, interposed between the disputants, and, by some general remarks on the unseasonableness of discord, a soothing address to the vanity of each party, and the exertion of the authority which his services in that day's victory entitled him to assume, at length succeeded in prevailing upon them to adjourn further discussion of the controversy. But although Kettledrummle and Poundtext were thus for the time silenced, they continued to eye each other like two dogs, who, having been separated by the authority of their masters while fighting, have retreated, each beneath the chair of his owner, still watching each

other's motions, and indicating, by occasional growls, by the erected bristles of the back and ears, and by the red glance of the eye, that their discord is unappeased, and that they only wait the first opportunity afforded by any general movement or commotion in the company, to fly once more at each other's throats.

Balfour took advantage of the momentary pause to present to the council Mr Henry Morton of Milnwood, as one touched with a sense of the evils of the times, and willing to peril goods and life in the precious cause for which his father, the renowned Silas Morton, had given in his time a soul-stirring testimony. Morton was instantly received with the right hand of fellowship by his ancient pastor, Poundtext, and by those among the insurgents who supported the more moderate principles. The others muttered something about Erastianism, and reminded each other in whispers, that Silas Morton, once a stout and worthy servant of the Covenant, had been

a backslider in the day when the resolutioners had led the way in owning the authority of Charles Stuart, thereby making a gap whereat the present tyrant was afterward brought into the oppression both of Kirk and country. They added, however, that, on this great day of calling, they would not refuse society with any who should put hand to the plough; and so Morton was installed in his office of leader and counsellor, if not with the full approbation of his colleagues, at least without any formal or avowed dissent. They proceeded, on Burley's motion, to divide among themselves the command of the men who had assembled, and whose numbers were daily increasing. In this partition, the insurgents of Poundtext's parish and congregation were naturally placed under the command of Morton; an arrangement mutually agreeable to both parties, as he was recommended to their confidence, as well by his personal qualities as his having been born among them.

When this task was accomplished, it became necessary to determine what use was to be made of their victory. Morton's heart throbbed high when he heard the Tower of Tillietudlem named as one of the most important positions to be seized upon. It commanded, as we have often noticed, the pass between the more wild and the more fertile country, and must furnish, it was plausibly urged, a stronghold and place of rendezvous to the cavaliers and malignants of the district, supposing the insurgents were to march onward and leave it uninvested. This measure was particularly urged as necessary by Poundtext and those of his immediate followers, whose habitations and families might be exposed to great severities, if this strong place was permitted to remain in possession of the royalists.

"I opine," said Poundtext,—for, like the other divines of the period, he had no hesitation in offering his advice upon military matters of which he was profoundly igno-

rant,—" I opine, that we should take in and raze that strong-hold of the woman Lady Margaret Bellenden, even though we should build a fort and raise a mount against it; for the race is a rebellious and a bloody race, and their hand has been heavy on the children of the Covenant, both in the former and the latter times. Their hook hath been in our noses, and their bridle betwixt our jaws."

" What is their means and men of defence?" said Burley. " The place is strong; but I conceive that two women cannot make it good against a host."

" There is also," said Poundtext, " John Gudyill, even the lady's chief butler, who boasteth himself a man of war from his youth upward, and who spread the banner against the good cause with that man of Belial, James Grahame of Montrose."

" Pshaw!" returned Balfour, scornfully, " a butler!"

" Also, there is that ancient malignant," replied Poundtext, " Miles Bellenden of

Charnwood, whose hands have been dipped in the blood of the saints."

"If that," said Burley, "be Miles Bellenden, the brother of Sir Arthur, he is one whose sword will not turn back from battle; but he must now be stricken in years."

"There was word in the country as I rode along," said another of the council, "that so soon as they heard of the victory which has been given to us, they caused shut the gates of the Tower, and called in men, and collected ammunition. They were ever a fierce and a malignant house."

"We will not, with my consent," said Burley, "engage in a siege which may consume time. We must rush forward, and follow our advantage by occupying Glasgow; for I do not fear that the troops we have this day beaten, even with the assistance of my Lord Ross's regiment, will judge it safe to await our coming."

"Howbeit," said Poundtext, "we may display a banner before the Tower, and blow a trumpet, and summon them to come forth. It may be that they will give over the place unto our mercy, though they be a rebellious people. And we will summon the women to come forth of their strong-hold, that is, Lady Margaret Bellenden and her grand-daughter, and Jenny Dennison, which is a girl of an ensnaring eye, and the other maids, and we will give them a safe conduct, and send them in peace to the city, even to the town of Edinburgh. But John Gudyill, and Hugh Harrison, and Miles Bellenden, we will restrain with fetters of iron, even as they, in times bypast, have done to the martyred saints."

"Who talks of safe conduct and of peace?" said a shrill, broken, and overstrained voice, from the crowd.

"Peace, brother Habbakuk," said Macbriar, in a soothing tone to the speaker.

"I will not hold my peace," reiterated this strange and unnatural voice; "is this a time to speak of peace, when the earth quakes, and the mountains are rent, and the rivers are changed into blood, and the two-edged sword is drawn from the sheath to drink gore as if it were water, and devour flesh as the fire devours dry stubble?"

While he spoke thus, the orator struggled forward to the inner part of the circle, and presented to Morton's wondering eyes a figure worthy of such a voice and such language. The rags of a dress which had once been black, added to the tattered fragments of a shepherd's plaid, composed a covering scarce fit for the purposes of decency, much less for those of warmth or comfort. A long beard, as white as snow, hung down on his breast, and mingled with bushy, uncombed, grizzled hair, which hung in elf-locks around his wild and staring visage. The features seemed to be extenuated by penury and famine, until they hardly retained the likeness of

a human aspect. The eyes, grey, wild, and wandering, evidently betokened a bewildered imagination. He held in his hand a rusty sword, clotted with blood, as were his long lean hands, which were garnished at the extremity with nails like eagle's claws.

"In the name of Heaven! who is he?" said Morton, in a whisper to Poundtext, surprised, shocked, and even startled at this ghastly apparition, which looked more like the resurrection of some cannibal priest, or Druid, red from his human sacrifice, than like an earthly mortal.

"It is Habbakuk Mucklewrath," answered Poundtext, in the same tone, "whom the enemy have long detained in captivity in forts and castles, until his understanding hath departed from him, and, as I fear, an evil spirit hath possessed him. Nevertheless, our violent brethren will have it, that he speaketh of the spirit, and that they fructify by his pouring forth."

Here he was interrupted by Muckle-

wrath, who cried in a voice that made the very beams of the roof quiver—" Who talks of peace and safe conduct? who speaks of mercy to the bloody house of the malignants? I say, take the infants and dash them against the stones; take the daughters and the mothers of the house and hurl them from the battlements of their trust, that the dogs may fatten on their blood as they did on that of Jezabel the spouse of Ahab, and that their carcases may be dung to the face of the field even in the portion of their fathers!"

" He speaks right," said more than one sullen voice from behind; " we will be honoured with little service in the great cause, if we already make fair weather with Heaven's enemies."

" This is utter abomination and daring impiety," said Morton, unable to contain his indignation. " What blessing can you expect in a cause, in which you listen to the mingled ravings of madness and atrocity?"

"Hush, young man!" said Kettledrummle, "and reserve thy censure for that for which thou canst render a reason. It is not for thee to judge into what vessels the spirit may be poured."

"We judge of the tree by the fruit," said Poundtext, "and allow not that to be of divine inspiration that contradicts the divine laws."

"You forget, brother Poundtext," said Macbriar, "that these are the latter days, when signs and wonders shall be multiplied."

Poundtext stood forward to reply; but, ere he could articulate a word, the insane preacher broke in with a scream that drowned all competition.

"Who talks of signs and wonders? Am not I Habbakuk Mucklewrath, whose name is changed to Magor-Missabib, because I am made a terror unto myself and unto all that are around me?—I heard it—When did I hear it?—Was it not in the tower of the Bass, that overhangeth the wide wild

sea?—And it howled in the winds, and it roared in the billows, and it screamed, and it whistled, and it clanged, with the screams! and the clang and the whistle of the sea-birds, as they floated, and flew, and dropped, and dived, on the bosom of the waters. I saw it—Where did I see it?—was it not from the high peaks of Dumbarton, when I looked westward upon the fertile land, and northward on the wild Highland hills, when the clouds gathered and the tempest came, and the lightnings of Heaven flashed in sheets as wide as the banners of an host?—What did I see?—Dead corpses and wounded horses, the rushing together of battle, and garments rolled in blood.—What heard I?—The voice that cried, Slay, slay—smite—slay utterly—let not your eye have pity! slay utterly, old and young, the maiden, the child, and the woman whose head is grey—Defile the house and fill the courts with the slain!"

"We receive the command," exclaimed

more than one of the company. "Six days he hath not spoken nor broken bread, and now his tongue is unloosed!—We receive the command; as he hath said so will we do."

Astonished, disgusted, and horror-struck, at what he had seen and heard, Morton turned away from the circle and left the cottage. He was followed by Burley who had his eye on his motions.

"Whither are ye going," said the latter, taking him by the arm.

"Any where; I care not whither; but here I will abide no longer."

"Art thou so soon weary, young man?" answered Burley. "Thy hand is but now put to the plough, and wouldst thou already abandon it? Is this thy adherence to the cause of thy father?"

"No cause," replied Morton, indignantly—"no cause can prosper so conducted—One party declares for the ravings of a blood-thirsty madman; another leader is

an old scholastic pedant; a third"—he stopped, and his companion continued the sentence—" is a desperate homicide, thou wouldst say, like John Balfour of Burley? —I can bear thy misconstruction without resentment. Thou dost not consider, that it is not men of sober and self-seeking minds, who arise in these days of wrath to execute judgment and to accomplish deliverance. Hadst thou but seen the armies of England, during her parliament of 1642, whose ranks were filled with sectaries and enthusiasts, wilder than the anabaptists of Munster, thou wouldst have had more cause to marvel; and yet these men were unconquered on the field, and their hands wrought marvellous things for the liberties of the land."

" But their affairs," replied Morton, " were wisely conducted, and the violence of their zeal expended itself in their exhortations and sermons, without bringing divisions into their councils, or cruelty in-

to their conduct. I have often heard my father say so, and protest, that he wondered at nothing so much as the contrast between the extravagance of their religious tenets, and the wisdom and moderation with which they conducted their civil and military affairs. But our councils seem all one wild chaos of confusion."

"Thou must have patience, Henry Morton," answered Balfour; "thou must not leave the cause of thy religion and country either for one wild word, or one extravagant action. Hear me. I have already persuaded the wiser of our friends, that the counsellors are too numerous, and that we cannot expect that the Midianites shall, by so large a number, be delivered into our hands. They have hearkened to my voice, and our assemblies will be shortly reduced within such a number as can consult and act together, and in them thou shalt have a free voice, as well as in ordering our affairs of war, and protecting

those to whom mercy should be shewn—Art thou now satisfied?"

"It will give me pleasure, doubtless," answered Morton, "to be the means of softening the horrors of civil war, and I will not leave the post I have taken, until I see measures adopted at which my conscience revolts. But to no bloody executions, after quarter asked, or slaughter without trial, will I lend countenance or sanction; and you may depend on my opposing them, with both heart and hand, as constantly and resolutely if attempted by our own followers, as when they are the work of the enemy."

Balfour waved his hand impatiently.

"Thou wilt find," he said, "that the stubborn and hard-hearted generation with whom we deal, must be chastized with scorpions ere their hearts be humbled, and ere they accept the punishment of their iniquity. The word is gone forth against them, 'I will bring a sword upon

you that shall avenge the quarrel of my Covenant.' But what is done shall be done gravely, and with discretion, like that of the worthy James Melvin, who executed judgment on the tyrant and oppressor, Cardinal Beaton."

"I own to you," replied Morton, "that I feel still more abhorrent at cold-blooded and premeditated cruelty, than at that which is practised in the heat of zeal and resentment."

"Thou art yet but a youth," replied Balfour, "and hast not learned how light in the balance are a few drops of blood in comparison to the weight and importance of this great national testimony. But be not afraid; thyself shall vote and judge in these matters; it may be we shall see little cause to strive together anent them."

With this concession Morton was compelled to be satisfied for the present, and Burley left him, advising him to lie down and get some rest, as the host would probably move in the morning.

"And you," said Morton, "do not you go to rest also?"

"No," said Burley; "my eyes must not yet know slumber. This is no work to be done lightly; I have yet to perfect the chusing of the committee of leaders, and I will call you by times in the morning to be present at their consultation."

He turned away and left Morton to his repose.

The place in which he found himself was not ill adapted for the purpose, being a sheltered nook, beneath a large rock, well protected from the prevailing wind. A quantity of moss with which the ground was overspread, made a couch soft enough for one who had suffered so much hardship and anxiety. Morton wrapped himself in the horseman's cloak which he had still retained, stretched himself on the ground, and had not long indulged in melancholy reflections on the state of the country, and upon his own condition, ere

he was relieved from them by deep and sound slumber.

The rest of the army slept on the ground, dispersed in groups, which chose their beds on the field as they could best find shelter and convenience. A few of the principal leaders held wakeful conference with Burley on the state of their affairs, and some watchmen were appointed who kept themselves on the alert by chanting psalms, or listening to the exercises of the more gifted of the number.

CHAPTER X.

Got with much ease—now merrily to horse.
Henry IV. Part I.

WITH the first peep of day Henry awoke, and found the faithful Cuddie standing beside him with a portmanteau in his hand.

"I hae been just putting your honour's things in readiness again ye were waking," said Cuddie, "as is my duty, seeing ye hae been sae gude as to tak me into your service."

"I take you into my service, Cuddie?" said Morton, "you must be dreaming."

"Na, na, sir," answered Cuddie; "didna I say when I was tied on the horse yonder, that if ever ye gat loose I wad be your servant, and ye didna say no? and

if that isna hiring, I kenna what is. Ye gae me nae arles, indeed, but ye had gi'en me aneugh before at Milnwood."

"Well, Cuddie, if you insist on taking the chance of my unprosperous fortunes"—

"Ou ay, I'se warrant us a' prosper weel aneugh," answered Cuddie, cheeringly, "an' anes my auld mither was weel putten up. I hae begun the campaigning trade at an end that is easy aneugh to learn."

"Pillaging, I suppose," said Morton, "for how else could you come by that portmanteau?"

"I wotna if it's pillaging, or how ye ca't," said Cuddie, "but it comes natural to a body, and it's a profitable trade. Our folk had tirled the dead dragoons as bare as bawbees before we were loose amaist—But when I saw the whigs a' weel yokit by the lugs to Kettledrummle and the other chield, I set aff at the lang trot on my ain errand and your honour's. Sae I took up the syke a wee bit, away to the right, where I saw the marks o' mony a

horse-foot, and sure aneugh I cam to a place where there had been some clean leathering, and a' the puir chields were lying there busket wi' their claes just as they had put them on that morning—naebody had found out that pose o' carcages—and wha suld be in the midst thereof (as my mither says) but our auld acquaintance, Serjeant Bothwell?"

"Ay, has that man fallen?" said Morton.

"Troth has he," answered Cuddie; "and his e'en were open, and his brow bent, and his teeth clenged thegither, like the jaws of a trap for foumarts when the spring's doun—I was amaist feared to look at him; however, I thought to hae turn about wi' him, and sae I e'en riped his pouches, as he had done many an honester man's; and here's your ain siller again (or your uncle's, which is the same) that he got at Milnwood that unlucky night that made us a' sodgers thegither."

"There can be no harm, Cuddie," said Morton, "in making use of this money, since we know how he came by it; but you must divide with me."

"Bide a wee, bide a wee," said Cuddie. "Weel, and there's a bit ring he had hinging in a black ribbon doun on his breast. I am thinking it has been a love-token, puir fallow—there's naebody sae rough but they hae aye a kind heart to the lasses—and there's a book wi' a wheen papers, and I gat twa or three odd things that I'll keep to mysel forby."

"Upon my word you have made a very successful foray for a beginner," said his new master.

"Haena I e'en now?" said Cuddie, with great exultation. "I tauld ye I wasna that dooms stupid, if it cam to lifting things—And forby, I hae gotten twa gude horse. A feckless loon of a Straven weaver, that had left his loom and his bein house to sit skirling on a cauld hill-

side, had catched twa dragoon naigs, and he could neither gar them hup nor wind, sae he took a gowd noble for them baith.—I suld hae tried him wi' half the siller, but it's an unco ill place to get change in —Ye'll find the siller's missing out o' Bothwell's purse."

"You have made a most excellent and useful purchase, Cuddie; but what is that portmanteau?"

"The pockmankle," answered Cuddie, "was Lord Evandale's yesterday, and it's yours the day. I fand it ahint the bush o' broom yonder—ilka dog has its day—Ye ken what the auld sang says,

"Take turn about, mother, quo Tam o' the Linn."

"And speaking o' that, I maun gang and see about my mother, puir auld body, if your honour hasna ony immediate commands."

"But, Cuddie," said Morton, "I really

cannot take these things from you without some recompense."

"Hout fie, sir," answered Cuddie, "ye suld aye be taking,—for recompense, ye may think about that some other time—I hae seen gay weel to mysel wi' some things that fit me better. What could I do wi' Lord Evandale's braw claes? Serjeant Bothwell's will serve me weel aneugh."

Not being able to prevail on his self-constituted and disinterested follower to accept of any thing for himself out of these warlike spoils, Morton resolved to take the first opportunity of returning Lord Evandale's property, supposing him yet to be alive; and, in the meanwhile, did not hesitate to avail himself of Cuddie's prize, so far as to appropriate some change of linen and other trifling articles amongst those of more value which the portmanteau contained.

He then hastily looked over the papers which were found in Bothwell's pocket-

book. These were of a miscellaneous description. The roll of his troop, with the names of those absent on furlough, memorandums of tavern-bills, and lists of delinquents who might be made subjects of fine and prosecution, first presented themselves, along with a copy of a warrant from the Privy Council to arrest certain persons of distinction therein named. In another pocket of the book, were one or two commissions which Bothwell had held at different times, and certificates of his services abroad, in which his courage and military talents were highly praised. But the most remarkable paper was an accurate account of his genealogy, with reference to many documents for establishment of its authenticity; subjoined was a list of the ample possessions of the forfeited Earls of Bothwell, and a particular account of the proportions in which King James VI. had bestowed them on the courtiers and nobility by whose descendants they were at present actually possess-

ed; beneath this list was written, in red letters, in the hand of the deceased, *Haud Immemor*, F. S. E. B., the initials probably intimating Francis Stuart, Earl of Bothwell. To these documents, which strongly painted the character and feelings of the deceased proprietor of these papers, was added some which shewed it in a light greatly different from that in which we have hitherto presented it to the reader.

In a secret pocket of the book, which Morton did not discover without some trouble, were one or two letters, written in a beautiful female hand. They were dated about twenty years back, bore no address, and were subscribed only by initials. Without having time to peruse them accurately, Morton perceived that they contained the elegant yet fond expressions of female affection, directed towards an object whose jealousy they endeavoured to sooth, and of whose hasty, suspicious, and impatient temper, the writer seemed gently to complain. The ink of these manuscripts had

faded by time, and notwithstanding the great care which had obviously been taken for their preservation, they were in one or two places chafed so as to be illegible.

"It matters not," these words were written on the envelope of that which had suffered most, "I have them by heart."

With these letters was a lock of hair wrapped in a copy of verses, written obviously with a feeling which atoned, in Morton's opinion, for the roughness of the poetry, and the conceits with which it abounded, according to the taste of the period:—

Thy hue, dear pledge, is pure and bright,
As in that well-remembered night,
When first thy mystic braid was wove,
And first my Agnes whispered love.
  Since then how often hast thou pressed
The torrid zone of this wild breast,
Whose wrath and hate have sworn to dwell
With the first sin which peopled hell,
A breast whose blood's a troubled ocean,
Each throb the earthquake's wild commotion?—

O, if such clime thou canst endure,
Yet keep thy hue unstained and pure,
What conquest o'er each erring thought
Of that fierce realm had Agnes wrought!
I had not wandered wild and wide,
With such an angel for my guide;
Nor heaven nor earth could then reprove me,
If she had lived, and lived to love me.
  Not then this world's wild joys had been
To me one savage hunting scene,
My sole delight the headlong race,
And frantic hurry of the chace,
To start, pursue, and bring to bay,
Rush in, drag down, and rend my prey,
Then—from the carcase turn away!
Mine ireful mood had sweetness tamed,
And soothed each wound which pride inflamed;
Yes, God and man might now approve me,
If thou hadst lived, and lived to love me!

As he finished reading these lines, Morton could not forbear reflecting with compassion on the fate of this singular and most unhappy being, who, it appeared, while in the lowest state of desperation, and almost of contempt, had his recollections

continually fixed on the high station to which his birth seemed to entitle him; and, while plunged in gross licentiousness, was in secret looking back with bitter remorse to the period of his youth, during which he had nourished a virtuous, though unfortunate attachment.

"Alas! what are we," said Morton, "that our best and most praiseworthy feelings can be thus debased and depraved —that honourable pride can sink into haughty and desperate indifference for general opinion, and the sorrow of blighted affection inhabit the same bosom which licence, revenge, and rapine have chosen for their citadel? But it is the same throughout; the liberal principles of one man sink into cold and unfeeling indifference, the religious zeal of another hurries him into frantic and savage enthusiasm. Our resolutions—our passions, are like the waves of the sea, and, without the aid of Him who formed the human breast, we cannot

say to its tides, 'Thus far shall ye come, and no farther.'"

While he thus moralized, he raised his eyes, and observed that Burley stood before him.

"Already awake?" said that leader—"It is well, and shews zeal to tread the path before you. What papers are these?" he continued.

Morton gave him some brief account of Cuddie's successful marauding party, and handed him the pocket-book of Bothwell, with its contents. The Cameronian leader looked with some attention on such of the papers as related to military affairs, or public business; but when he came to the verses, he threw them from him with contempt.

"I little thought," he said, "when, by the blessing of God, I passed my sword three times through the body of that arch tool of cruelty and persecution, that a character so desperate and so dangerous could have stooped to an art as trifling as it is

profane. But I see that Satan can blend the most different qualities in his well-beloved and chosen agents, and that the same hand which can wield a club or a slaughter-weapon against the godly in the valley of destruction, can touch a tinkling lute, or a gittern, to sooth the ears of the dancing daughters of perdition in their Vanity Fair."

"Your ideas of duty, then," said Morton, "exclude love of the fine arts, which have been supposed in general to purify and to elevate the mind."

"To me, young man," answered Burley, "and to those who think as I do, the pleasures of this world, under whatever name disguised, are vanity, as its grandeur and power is a snare. We have but one object on earth, and that is, to build up the temple of the Lord."

"I have heard my father observe," replied Morton, "that many who assumed power in the name of Heaven, were as severe in its exercise, and as unwilling to

part with it, as if they had been solely moved by the motives of worldly ambition—But of this another time. Have you succeeded in obtaining a committee of the council to be nominated?"

"I have," answered Burley. "The number is limited to six, of which you are one, and I come to call you to their deliberations."

Morton accompanied him to a sequestered grass-plot, where their colleagues awaited them. In this delegation of authority, the two principal factions which divided the tumultuary army had each taken care to send three of their own number. On the part of the Cameronians, were Burley, Macbriar, and Kettledrummle; and on that of the moderate party, Poundtext, Henry Morton, and a small proprietor, called the Laird of Langcale. Thus the two parties were equally balanced by their representatives in the committee of management, although it seemed likely that those of the most violent opinions were,

as is usual in such cases, to possess and exert the greater degree of energy. Their debate, however, was conducted more like men of this world than could have been expected from their conduct on the preceding evening. After maturely considering their means and situation, and the probable increase of their numbers, they agreed that they would keep their position for that day, in order to refresh their men, and give time to reinforcements to join them, and that, on the next morning, they would direct their march towards Tillietudlem, and summon that strong-hold, as they expressed it, of malignancy. If it was not surrendered to their summons, they resolved to try the effect of a brisk assault, and, should that miscarry, it was settled that they should leave a part of their number to blockade the place, and reduce it, if possible, by famine, while their main body should march forward to drive Claverhouse and Lord Ross from the town of Glasgow. Such was the determination of

the council of management; and thus Morton's first enterprize in active life was likely to be the attack of a castle belonging to the parent of his mistress, and defended by her relative, Major Bellenden, to whom he personally owed many obligations. He felt fully the embarrassment of his situation, yet consoled himself with the reflection, that his newly-acquired power in the insurgent army would give him, at all events, the means of extending to the inmates of Tillietudlem a protection which no other circumstance could have afforded them, and he was not without hope that he might be able to mediate such an accommodation betwixt them and the presbyterian army as should secure them a safe neutrality during the war which was about to ensue.

CHAPTER XI.

There came a knight from the field of slain,
His steed was drench'd with blood and rain.
FINLAY.

WE must now return to the fortress of Tillietudlem and its inhabitants. The morning, being the first after the battle of Loudon-hill, had dawned upon its battlements, and the defenders had already resumed the labours by which they proposed to render the place tenable, when the watchman, who was placed in a high turret, called the Warder's Tower, gave the signal that a horseman was approaching. As he came nearer, his dress indicated an officer of the Life-Guards; and the slowness of his horse's pace, as well as the

manner in which the rider stooped on the saddle-bow, plainly shewed that he was sick or wounded. The wicket was instantly opened to receive him, and Lord Evandale rode into the court-yard, so reduced by loss of blood, that he was unable to dismount without assistance. As he entered the hall, leaning upon a servant, the ladies shrieked with surprise and terror; for, pale as death, stained with blood, his regimentals soiled and torn, and his hair matted and disordered, he resembled rather a spectre than a human being. But their next exclamation was that of joy at his escape.

"Thank God!" exclaimed Lady Margaret, "that you are here, and have escaped the hands of the bloodthirsty murderers who have cut off so many of the king's loyal servants!"

"Thank God," added Edith, "that you are here and in safety! We have dreaded the worst; but you are wounded, and I

fear we have little the means of assisting you."

"My wounds are only sword-cuts," answered the young nobleman, as he reposed himself on a seat; "the pain is not worth mentioning, and I should not even feel exhausted but for the loss of blood. But it was not my purpose to bring my weakness to add to your danger and distress, but to relieve them, if possible. What can I do for you?—Permit me," he added, addressing Lady Margaret—"permit me to think and act as your son, my dear madam—as your brother, Edith!"

He pronounced the last part of the sentence with some emphasis, as if he feared that the apprehension of his pretensions as a suitor might render his proffered services unacceptable to Miss Bellenden. She was not insensible to his delicacy, but there was no time for exchange of sentiment.

"We are preparing for our defence," said the old lady, with great dignity; "my

brother has taken charge of our garrison, and, by the grace of God, we will give the rebels such a reception as they deserve."

"How gladly," said Evandale, "would I share in the defence of the Castle! But, in my present state, I should be but a burden to you, nay, something worse; for the knowledge that an officer of the Life-Guards was in the Castle would be sufficient to make these rogues more desperately earnest to possess themselves of it. If they find it defended only by the family, they may possibly march on to Glasgow rather than hazard an assault."

"And can you think so meanly of us, my Lord," said Edith, with the generous burst of feeling which woman so often evinces, and which becomes her so well, her voice faultering through eagerness, and her brow colouring with the noble warmth which dictated her language—"Can you think so meanly of your friends, as that they would permit such considerations to interfere with their sheltering and protecting

you at a moment when you are unable to defend yourself, and when the whole country is filled with the enemy? Is there a cottage in Scotland whose owners would permit a valued friend to leave it in such circumstances? And can you think we will allow you to go from a castle which we think strong enough for our own defence?"

"Lord Evandale need never think of it," said Lady Margaret. "I will dress his wounds myself; it is all an old wife is fit for in war time; but to quit the Castle of Tillietudlem when the sword of the enemy is drawn to slay him,—the meanest trooper that ever wore the king's coat on his back should not do so, much less my young Lord Evandale.—Ours is not a house that ought to brook such dishonour. The Tower of Tillietudlem has been too much distinguished by the visit of his most sacred"——

Here she was interrupted by the entrance of the Major.

"We have taken a prisoner, my dear

uncle," said Edith—" a wounded prisoner, and he wants to escape from us. You must help us to keep him by force."

" Lord Evandale?" exclaimed the veteran. " I am as much pleased as when I got my first commission. Claverhouse reported you were killed, or missing at least."

" I should have been slain, but for a friend of yours," said Lord Evandale, speaking with some emotion, and bending his eyes on the ground, as if he wished to avoid seeing the impression that what he was about to say would make upon Miss Bellenden. " I was unhorsed and defenceless, and the sword raised to dispatch me, when young Mr Morton, the prisoner for whom you interested yourself yesterday morning, interposed in the most generous manner, preserved my life, and furnished me with the means of escaping."

As he ended the sentence, a painful curiosity overcame his first resolution, he raised his eyes to Edith's face, and imagined he could read in the glow of her

cheek and the sparkle of her eye, joy at hearing of her lover's safety and freedom, and triumph at his not having been left last in the race of generosity. Such, indeed, were her feelings, but they were also mingled with admiration of the ready frankness with which Lord Evandale had hastened to bear witness to the merit of a favoured rival, and to acknowledge an obligation which, in all probability, he would rather have owed to any other individual in the world.

Major Bellenden, who would never have observed the emotions of either party, even had they been much more markedly expressed, contented himself with saying, "Since Henry Morton has influence with these rascals, I am glad he has so exerted it; but I hope he will get clear of them as soon as he can. Indeed, I cannot doubt it. I know his principles, and that he detests their cant and hypocrisy. I have heard him laugh a thousand times at the pedantry of that old presbyterian scoundrel,

Poundtext, who, after enjoying the indulgence of the government for so many years, has now, upon the very first ruffle, shewn himself in his own proper colours, and set off, with three parts of his crop-eared congregation, to join the host of the fanatics.—But how did you escape after leaving the field, my Lord?"

"I rode for my life, as a recreant knight must," answered Lord Evandale, smiling. "I took the route where I thought I had least chance of meeting with any of the enemy, and I found shelter for several hours—you will hardly guess where."

"At Castle-Bracklan, perhaps," said Lady Margaret, "or in the house of some other loyal gentleman?"

"No, madam. I was repulsed, under one mean pretext or another, from more than one house of that description, for fear of the enemy following my traces; but I found refuge in the cottage of a poor widow, whose husband had been shot within these three months by a party of our corps,

and whose two sons are at this very moment with the insurgents."

"Indeed?" said Lady Margaret Bellenden; "and was a fanatic woman capable of such generosity?—but she disapproved, I suppose, of the tenets of her family?"

"Far from it, madam," continued the young nobleman; "she was in principle a rigid recusant, but she saw my danger and distress, considered me as a fellow-creature, and forgot that I was a cavalier and a soldier. She bound my wounds, and permitted me to rest upon her bed, concealed me from a party of the insurgents who were seeking for stragglers, supplied me with food, and did not suffer me to leave my place of refuge until she had learned that I had every chance of getting to this tower without danger.'

"It was nobly done," said Miss Bellenden; "and I trust you will have an opportunity of rewarding her generosity."

"I am running up an arrear of obliga-

tion on all sides, Miss Bellenden, during these unfortunate occurrences," replied Lord Evandale; "but when I can attain the means of shewing my gratitude, the will shall not be wanting."

All now joined in pressing Lord Evandale to relinquish his intention of leaving the Castle; but the argument of Major Bellenden proved the most effectual.

"Your presence in the Castle will be most useful, if not absolutely necessary, my Lord, in order to maintain, by your authority, proper discipline among the fellows whom Claverhouse has left in garrison here, and who do not prove to be of the most orderly description of inmates; and, indeed, we have the Colonel's authority, for that very purpose, to detain any officer of his regiment who might pass this way."

"That," said Lord Evandale, "is an unanswerable argument, since it shews me that my residence here may be useful, even in my present disabled state."

"For your wounds, my Lord," said the Major, "if my sister, Lady Bellenden, will undertake to give battle to any feverish symptom, if such should appear, I will answer that my old campaigner, Gideon Pike, shall dress a flesh-wound with any of the incorporation of Barber Surgeons. He had enough of practice in Montrose's time, for we had few regularly-bred army chirurgeons, as you may well suppose.—You agree to stay with us, then?"

"My reasons for leaving the Castle," said Lord Evandale, glancing a look towards Edith, "though they evidently seemed weighty, must needs give way to those which infer the power of serving you. May I presume, Major, to enquire into the means and plan of defence which you have prepared? or can I attend you to examine the works?"

It did not escape Miss Bellenden, that Lord Evandale seemed much exhausted both in body and mind. "I think, sir," she said, addressing the Major, "that since

Lord Evandale condescends to become an officer of our garrison, you should begin by rendering him amenable to your authority, and ordering him to his apartment, that he may take some refreshment ere he enters on military discussions."

"Edith is right," said the old lady; "you must go instantly to bed, my Lord, and take some febrifuge, which I will prepare with my own hand; and my lady-in-waiting, Mistress Martha Weddell, shall make some friar's chicken, or something very light. I would not advise wine.—John Gudyill, let the housekeeper make ready the chamber of dais. Lord Evandale must lie down instantly. Pike will take off the dressings and examine the state of the wounds."

"These are melancholy preparations, madam," said Lord Evandale, as he returned thanks to Lady Margaret, and was about to leave the hall,—"but I must submit to your ladyship's directions; and I trust that your skill will soon make me a

more able defender of your castle than I am at present. You must render my body serviceable as soon as you can, for you have no use for my head while you have Major Bellenden."

With these words he left the apartment.

"An excellent young man, and a modest," said the Major.

"None of that conceit," said Lady Margaret, "that often makes young folks suppose they know better how their complaints should be treated than people that have had experience."

"And so generous and handsome a young nobleman," said Jenny Dennison, who had entered during the latter part of this conversation, and was now left alone with her mistress in the hall, the Major returning to his military cares, and Lady Margaret to her medical preparations.

Edith only answered these encomiums with a sigh; but, although silent, she felt and knew better than any one how much they were merited by the person on whom

they were bestowed. Jenny, however, failed not to follow up her blow.

"After a', it's true that my leddy says—there's nae trusting a presbyterian; they are a' faithless man-sworn loons. Whae wad hae thought that young Milnwood and Cuddie Headrigg wad hae ta'en on wi' thae rebel blackguards?"

"What do you mean by such improbable nonsense, Jenny?" said her young mistress, very much displeased.

"I ken it's no pleasing for you to hear, madam," answered Jenny, hardily; "and it's as little pleasant for me to tell; but as gude ye suld ken a' about it soon as syne, and the haill castle's ringing wi't."

"Ringing with what, Jenny? Have you a mind to drive me mad?" answered Edith, impatiently.

"Just that Henry Morton of Milnwood is out wi' the rebels, and ane o' their chief leaders."

"It is a falsehood," said Edith—"a most base calumny! and you are very bold

to dare to repeat it to me. Henry Morton is incapable of such treachery to his king and country—such cruelty to me—to—to all the innocent and defenceless victims, I mean, who must suffer in a civil war—I tell you he is utterly incapable of it, in every sense."

"Dear! dear! Miss Edith," replied Jenny, still constant to her text; "they maun be better acquented wi' young men than I am, or ever wish to be, that can tell preceesely what they're capable or no capable o'. But there has been Trooper Tam, and another chield, out in bonnets and grey plaids, like countrymen, to recon—reconnoitre, I think John Gudyill ca'd it; and they hae been amang the rebels, and brought back word that they had seen young Milnwood, mounted on ane o' the dragoon horses that was ta'en at Loudonhill, armed wi' sword and pistols, like wha but him, and hand and glove wi' the foremost o' them, and dreeling and command-

ing the men; and Cuddie at the heels o' him, in ane o' Serjeant Bothwell's laced waistcoats, and a cockit hat with a bab o' blue ribbands at it, for the auld cause o' the Covenant, (but Cuddie aye liked a blue ribband) and a ruffled sark, like ony lord o' the land—it sets the like o' him, indeed!"

"Jenny," said her young mistress, hastily, "it is impossible these men's report can be true; my uncle has heard nothing of it at this instant."

"Because Tam Halliday," answered the handmaiden, "came in just five minutes after Lord Evandale; and when he heard his Lordship was in the Castle, he swore (the profane loon) he would be d—d ere he would make the report, as he ca'd it, of his news to Major Bellenden, since there was an officer of his ain regiment in the garrison. Sae he wad have said naething till Lord Evandale wakened the next morning; only he tauld me about it," (here Jenny looked a little down,) "just to vex me about Cuddie."

"Poh, you silly girl," said Edith, assuming some courage, "it is all a trick of that fellow to teaze you."

"Na, madam, it canna be that, for John Gudyill took the other dragoon (he's an auld hard-favoured man, I wotna his name) into the cellar, and gae him a tass o' brandy to get the news out o' him, and he said just the same as Tam Halliday, word for word; and Mr Gudyill was in sic a rage, that he tauld it a' ower again to us, and says the haill rebellion is owing to the nonsense o' my Leddy, and the Major, and Lord Evandale, that begged off young Milnwood and Cuddie yesterday morning, for that, if they had suffered, the country wad hae been quiet—and troth I am muckle o' that opinion mysel."

This last commentary Jenny added to her tale, in resentment of her mistress's extreme and obstinate incredulity. She was instantly alarmed, however, by the effect which her news produced upon her young mistress, an effect rendered doubly vio-

lent by the High church principles and prejudices in which Miss Bellenden had been educated. Her complexion became instantly as pale as a corpse, her respiration so difficult that it was on the point of altogether failing her, and her limbs so incapable of supporting her that she sunk, rather than sat, down upon one of the seats in the hall, and seemed on the eve of fainting. Jenny tried cold water, burnt feathers, cutting of laces, and all other remedies usual in hysterical cases, but without any immediate effect.

"God forgi'e me, what hae I done?" said the repentant fille-de-chambre, "I wish my tongue had been cuttit out!—Wha wad hae thought o' her taking on that way, and a' for a young lad?—O, Miss Edith—dear Miss Edith, haud your heart up about it, it's maybe no true for a' that I hae said—O, I wish my mouth had been blistered!—A' body tells me my tongue will do me a mischief some day. What if my Leddy comes? or the Major?—and

she's sitting in the throne too that nae-body has sate in since that weary morning the King was here!—O, what will I do? What will become o' us?"

While Jenny Dennison thus lamented herself and her mistress, Edith slowly returned from the paroxysm into which she had been thrown by this unexpected intelligence.

"If he had been unfortunate," she said, "I never could have deserted him. I never did so, even when there was danger and disgrace in pleading his cause. If he had died, I would have mourned him—if he had been unfaithful, I would have forgiven him; but a rebel to his King,—a traitor to his country,—the associate and colleague of cut-throats and common stabbers,—the persecutor of all that is noble, —the professed and blasphemous enemy of all that is sacred,—I will tear him from my heart, if my life-blood should ebb in the effort!"

She wiped her eyes, and rose hastily

from the great chair, (or throne, as Lady Margaret used to call it,) while the terrified damsel hastened to shake up the cushion, and efface the appearance of any one having occupied that sacred seat; although King Charles himself, considering the youth and beauty as well as the affliction of the momentary usurper of his hallowed chair, would probably have thought very little of the profanation. She then hastened officiously to press her support on Edith, as she paced the hall apparently in deep meditation.

"Tak my arm, madam; better just tak my arm; sorrow maun hae its vent, and doubtless"——

"No, Jenny," said Edith, with firmness; you have seen my weakness, and you shall see my strength."

"But ye leaned on me the other morning, Miss Edith, when ye were sae sair grieved."

"Misplaced and erring affection may require support, Jenny—duty can support

itself; yet I will do nothing rashly. I will be aware of the reasons of his conduct—and then—cast him off for ever," was the firm and determined answer of her young lady.

Overawed by a manner of which she could neither conceive the motive, nor estimate the merit, Jenny muttered between her teeth, " Odd, when the first flight's ower, Miss Edith taks it as easy as I do, and muckle easier, and I'm sure I ne'er cared half sae muckle about Cuddie Headrigg as she did about young Milnwood. Forbye that, it's maybe as weel to hae a friend on baith sides; for, if the whigs suld cum to tak the Castle, as it's like they may, when there's sae little victual, and the dragoons wasting what's o't, ou, in that case, Milnwood and Cuddie wad hae the upper hand, and their freendship wad be worth siller—I was thinking sae this morning or I heard the news."

With this consolatory reflection the damsel went about her usual accommoda-

tions, leaving her mistress to school her mind as she best might, for eradicating the sentiments which she had hitherto entertained towards Henry Morton.

CHAPTER XII.

Once more unto the breach—dear friends, once more—
Henry V.

On the evening of this day, all the information which they could procure led them to expect that the insurgent army would be with early dawn on their march against Tillietudlem. Lord Evandale's wounds had been examined by Pike, who reported them in a very promising state. They were numerous, but none of any consequence; and the loss of blood, as much perhaps as the boasted specific of Lady Margaret, had prevented any tendency to fever; so that, notwithstanding he felt some pain and great weakness, the patient maintained that he was able to creep

about with the assistance of a stick. In these circumstances, he refused to be confined to his apartment, both that he might encourage the soldiers by his presence, and suggest any necessary addition to the plan of defence, which the Major might be supposed to have arranged upon something of an antiquated fashion of warfare. Lord Evandale was well qualified to give advice on such subjects, having served, during his early youth, both in France and in the Low Countries. There was little or no occasion, however, for altering the preparations already made; and, excepting on the article of provisions, there seemed no reason to fear for the defence of so strong a place against such assailants as those by whom it was threatened.

With the peep of day, Lord Evandale and Major Bellenden were on the battlements again, viewing and reviewing the state of their preparations, and anxiously expecting the approach of the enemy. I ought to observe, that the report of the

spies had now been regularly made and received. But the Major treated the report that Morton was in arms against the government, with the most scornful incredulity.

"I know the lad better," was the only reply he deigned to make; "the fellows have not dared to venture near enough, and have been deceived by some fanciful resemblance, or have picked up some idle story."

"I differ from you, Major," answered Lord Evandale; "I think you will see that young gentleman at the head of the insurgents, and, though I shall be heartily srory for it, I shall not be greatly surprised."

"You are as bad as Claverhouse," said the Major, "who contended yesterday morning down my very throat, that this young fellow, who is as high-spirited and gentleman-like a boy as I have ever known, wanted but an opportunity to place himself at the head of the rebels."

"And considering the usage which he has received, and the suspicions under which he lies," said Lord Evandale, "what other course is open to him? For my own part, I should hardly know whether he deserved most blame or pity."

"Blame, my Lord?—Pity?" echoed the Major, astonished at hearing such sentiments, "he would deserve to be hanged, that's all; and, were he my own son, I should see him strung up with pleasure—Blame indeed! But your Lordship cannot think as you are pleased to speak."

"I give you my honour, Major Bellenden, that I have been for some time of opinion, that our politicians and prelates have driven matters to a painful extremity in this country, and have alienated, by violence of various kinds, not only the lower classes, but all those in the upper ranks, whom strong party-feeling, or a desire of court-interest, does not attach to their standard."

"I am no politician," answered the Ma-

jor, "and I do not understand nice distinctions. My sword is the King's, and when he commands I draw it in his cause."

"I trust," replied the young Lord, "you will not find me more backward than yourself, though I heartily wish that the enemy were foreigners. It is, however, no time to debate that matter, for yonder they come, and we must defend ourselves as well as we can."

As Lord Evandale spoke, the van of the insurgents began to make their appearance on the road which crossed the top of the hill, and thence descended opposite to the Tower. They did not, however, move downwards, as if aware that, in doing so, their columns would be exposed to the fire of the artillery of the place. But their numbers, which at first seemed few, appeared presently so to deepen and concentrate themselves, that, judging of the masses which occupied the road behind the hill from the closeness of the front which they present-

ed on the top of it, their force seemed very considerable. There was a pause of anxiety on both sides; and, while the unsteady ranks of the Covenanters were agitated, as if by pressure behind, or uncertainty as to their next movement, their arms, picturesque from their variety, glanced in the morning sun, whose beams were reflected from a grove of pikes, muskets, halberds, and battle-axes. The armed mass occupied, for a few minutes, this fluctuating position, until three or four horsemen, who seemed to be leaders, advanced from the front, and occupied a height a little nearer to the castle. John Gudyill, who was not without some skill as an artilleryman, brought a gun to bear on this detached group.

"I'll flee the falcon," (so the small cannon was called)—"I'll flee the falcon whene'er your honour gi'es command; my certie she'll ruffle their feathers for them."

The Major looked at Lord Evandale.

"Stay a moment," said the young nobleman, "they send us a flag of truce."

In fact, one of the horsemen at that moment dismounted, and, displaying a white cloth on a pike, moved forward toward the Tower, while the Major and Lord Evandale, descending from the battlement of the main fortress, advanced to meet him as far as the barricade, judging it unwise to admit him within the precincts which they designed to defend. At the same time that the ambassador set forth, the group of horsemen, as if they had anticipated the preparations of John Gudyill for their annoyance, withdrew from the advanced station which they had occupied, and fell back to the main body.

The envoy of the Covenanters, to judge by his mien and manner, seemed fully imbued with that spiritual pride which distinguished his sect. His features were drawn up to a contemptuous primness, and his half-shut eyes seemed to scorn to look

upon the terrestrial objects around, while, at every solemn stride, his toes were pointed outwards with an air that appeared to despise the ground on which they trode. Lord Evandale could not suppress a smile at this singular figure.

"Did you ever," said he to Major Bellenden, "see such an absurd automaton? One would swear it moves upon springs—Can it speak, think you?"

"O, ay," said the Major; "that seems to be one of my old acquaintance, a genuine puritan of the right pharasaical leaven.—Stay—he coughs and hems; he is about to summon the Castle with the butt end of a sermon instead of a parley on the trumpet."

The veteran, who in his day had had many an opportunity to become acquainted with the manners of these religionists, was not far mistaken in his conjecture, only that, instead of a pros exordium, the Laird of Langcale, for it was no less a personage,

uplifted, with a Stentorian voice, a verse of the twenty-fourth Psalm :

> " Ye gates lift up your heads, ye doors,
> Doors that do last for aye,
> Be lifted up"——

" I told you so," said the Major to Evandale, and then presented himself at the entrance of the barricade, demanding to know for what purpose or intent he made that doleful noise, like a hog in a high wind, beneath the gates of the Castle.

" I come," replied the ambassador, in a high and shrill voice, and without any of the usual salutations or deferences,—" I come from the godly army of the Solemn League and Covenant, to speak with two carnal malignants, William Maxwell, called Lord Evandale, and Miles Bellenden of Charnwood."

" And what have you to say to Miles Bellenden and Lord Evandale ?" answered the Major.

" Are you the parties ?" said the Laird

of Langcale, in the same sharp, conceited, disrespectful tone of voice.

"Even so, for fault of better," said the Major.

"Then there is the public summons," said the envoy, putting a paper into Lord Evandale's hand, "and there is a private letter for Miles Bellenden from a godly youth who is honoured with leading a part of our host. Read them quickly, and God give you grace to fructify by the contents, though it is muckle to be doubted."

The summons ran thus: "We, the named and constituted leaders of the gentlemen, ministers, and others, presently in arms for the cause of liberty and true religion, do warn and summon William Lord Evandale and Miles Bellenden of Charnwood, and others presently in arms, and keeping garrison in the Tower of Tillietudlem, to surrender the said Tower upon fair conditions of quarter, and license to depart with bag and baggage, otherwise to suffer such extremity of fire and sword as belong by

the laws of war to those who hold out an untenable post. And so may God defend his own good cause."

This summons was signed by John Balfour of Burley, as quarter-master-general of the army of the Covenant, for himself, and in name of the other leaders.

The letter to Major Bellenden was from Henry Morton. It was couched in the following language: --

"I have taken a step, my venerable friend, which, among many painful consequences, will, I am afraid, incur your very decided disapprobation. But I have taken my resolution in honour and good faith, and with the full avowal of my own conscience. I can no longer submit to have my own rights and those of my fellow-subjects trampled upon, our freedom violated, our persons insulted, and our blood spilt, without just cause or legal trial. Providence, through the violence of the oppressors themselves, seems now to have

opened a way of deliverance from this intolerable tyranny, and I do not hold him deserving of the name and rights of a freeman, who, thinking as I do, shall withhold his arm from the cause of his country. But God, who knows my heart, be my witness, that I do not share the angry or violent passions of the oppressed and harassed sufferers with whom I am now acting. My most earnest and anxious desire is, to see this unnatural war brought to a speedy end, by the union of the good, wise, and moderate of all parties, and a peace restored, which, without injury to the King's constitutional rights, may substitute the authority of equal laws for that of military violence, and, permitting to all men to worship God according to their own consciences, may subdue fanatical enthusiasm by reason and mildness, instead of driving it to frenzy by persecution and intolerance.

"With these sentiments, you may conceive with what pain I appear in arms be-

fore the house of your venerable relative, which we understand you propose to hold out against us. Permit me to press upon you the assurance, that such a measure will only lead to the effusion of blood—that, if repulsed in the assault, we are yet strong enough to invest the place, and reduce it by hunger, being aware of your indifferent preparations to sustain a protracted siege. It would grieve me to the heart to think what would be the sufferings in such a case, and upon whom they would chiefly fall.

"Do not suppose, my respected friend, that I would propose to you any terms which could compromise the high and honourable character which you have so deservedly won and so long borne. If the regular soldiers (to whom I will ensure a safe retreat) are dismissed from the place, I trust no more will be required than your parole to remain neuter during this unhappy contest, and I will take care that Lady Margaret's property, as well as yours, shall

be duly respected, and no garrison intruded upon you. I could say much in favour of this proposal; but I fear, as I must, in the present instance, appear criminal in your eyes, good arguments would lose their influence when coming from an unwelcome quarter. I will, therefore, break off with assuring you, that whatever your sentiments may be hereafter towards me, my sense of gratitude to you can never be diminished or erazed, and it would be the happiest moment of my life that should give me more effectual means than mere words to assure you of it. Therefore, although in the first moment of resentment you may reject the proposal I make to you, let that not prevent you from resuming the topic, if future events should render it more acceptable; for whenever, or howsoever, I can be of service to you, it will always afford the greatest satisfaction to

"HENRY MORTON."

Having read this long letter with the most marked indignation, Major Bellenden put it into the hands of Lord Evandale.

"I would not have believed this," he said, "of Henry Morton, if half mankind had sworn it! The ungrateful, rebellious traitor! rebellious in cold blood, and without even the pretext of enthusiasm that warms the liver of such a crack-brained fop as our friend the envoy there. But I should have remembered he was a presbyterian—I ought to have been aware that I was nursing a wolf-cub, whose diabolical nature would make him tear and snatch at me on the first opportunity. Were Saint Paul on earth again and a presbyterian, he would be a rebel in three months—it is in the very blood of them."

"Well," said Lord Evandale, "I will be the last to recommend surrender; but, if our provisions fail, and we receive no relief from Edinburgh, or Glasgow, I think we ought to avail ourselves of this open-

ing, to get the ladies at least safe out of the Castle."

"They will endure all, ere they would accept the protection of such a smooth-tongued hypocrite," answered the Major indignantly; "I would renounce them for relatives were it otherwise. But let us dismiss the worthy ambassador—My friend," he said, turning to Langcale, "tell your leaders, and the mob they have gathered yonder, that, if they have not a particular opinion of the hardness of their own skulls, I would advise them to beware how they knock them against these old walls. And let them send no more flags of truce, or we will hang up the messenger in retaliation of the murder of Cornet Grahame."

With this answer the ambassador returned to those by whom he had been sent. He had no sooner reached the main-body than a murmur was heard amongst the multitude, and there was raised, in front of their ranks, an ample red flag, the borders of which were edged with blue. As this sig-

nal of war and defiance spread out its large folds upon the morning wind, the ancient banner of Lady Margaret's family, together with the royal ensign, were immediately hoisted on the walls of the Tower, and, at the same time, a round of artillery was discharged against the foremost ranks of the insurgents, by which they sustained some loss. Their leaders instantly withdrew them to the shelter of the brow of the hill.

"I think," said John Gudyill, while he busied himself in recharging his guns, "they hae fund the falcon's neb a bit ower hard for them—It's no for nought that the hawk whistles."

But as he uttered these words, the ridge was once more crowded with the ranks of the enemy. A general discharge of their fire-arms was directed against the defenders upon the battlements. Under cover of the smoke, a column of picked men rushed down the road with determined courage, and, sustaining with

firmness a heavy fire from the defenders, they forced their way, in spite of opposition, to the first barricade by which the avenue was defended. They were led on by Balfour in person, who displayed courage equal to his enthusiasm, and, in spite of every opposition, forced the barricade, killing and wounding several of the defenders, and compelling the rest to retreat to their second position. The precautions, however, of Major Bellenden, rendered this success unavailing, for no sooner were the Covenanters in possession of the post, than a close and destructive fire was poured into it from the Castle, and from those stations which commanded it in the rear. Having no means of protecting themselves from this fire, or of returning it with effect against men who were under cover of their barricades and defences, the Covenanters were obliged to retreat; but not until they had, with their axes, destroyed the stockade, so as to render it impossible for the defenders to reoccupy it.

Balfour was the last man that retired. He even remained for a short space, almost alone, with an axe in his hand, labouring like a pioneer amid the storm of balls, many of which were specially aimed against him. The retreat of the party he commanded was not effected without heavy loss, and served as a severe lesson concerning the local advantages possessed by the garrison.

The next attack of the Covenanters was made with more caution. A strong party of marksmen, (many of them competitors at the game of the popinjay) under the command of Henry Morton, glided through the woods where they afforded them the best shelter, and, avoiding the open road, endeavoured, by forcing their way through the bushes and trees, and up the rocks which surrounded it on either side, to gain a position, from which, without being exposed in an intolerable degree, they might annoy the flank of the second barricade, while it was menaced in front by a second

attack from Burley. The besieged saw the danger of this movement, and endeavoured to impede the approach of the marksmen, by firing upon them at every point where they shewed themselves. The assailants, on the other hand, displayed great coolness, spirit, and judgment in the manner in which they approached the defences. This was, in a great measure, to be ascribed to the steady and adroit manner in which they were conducted by their youthful leader, who showed as much skill in protecting his own followers as spirit in annoying the enemy.

He repeatedly enjoined his marksmen to direct their aim chiefly upon the redcoats, and to save the others engaged in the defence of the Castle; and, above all, to spare the life of the old Major, whose anxiety made him more than once expose himself in a manner, that, without such generosity on the part of the enemy, might have proved fatal. A dropping fire of musketry now glanced from

every part of the precipitous mount on which the Castle was founded. From bush to bush—from crag to crag—from tree to tree, the marksmen continued to advance, availing themselves of branches and roots to assist their ascent, and contending at once with the disadvantages of the ground and the fire of the enemy. At length they got so high on the ascent, that several of them possessed an opportunity of firing into the barricade against the defenders, who then lay exposed to their aim, and Burley, availing himself of the confusion of the moment, moved forward to the attack in front. His onset was made with the same desperation and fury as before, and met with less resistance, the defenders being alarmed at the progress which the sharp-shooters had made in turning the flank of their position. Determined to improve his advantage, Burley, with his axe in his hand, pursued the party whom he had dislodged even to the third and last barricade, and entered it along with them.

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"Kill, kill—down with the enemies of God and his people!—No quarter—The Castle is ours!" were the cries by which he animated his friends; the most undaunted of whom followed him close, whilst the others, with axes, spades, and other implements, threw up earth, cut down trees, hastily labouring to establish such a defensive cover in the rear of the second barricade as might enable them to retain possession of it, in case the Castle was not carried by this coup-de-main.

Lord Evandale could no longer restrain his impatience. He charged with a few soldiers who had been kept in reserve in the court-yard of the Castle; and, although his arm was in a sling, encouraged them, by voice and gesture, to assist their companions who were engaged with Burley. The combat now assumed an air of desperation. The narrow road was crowded with the followers of Burley, who pressed forward to support their companions. The soldiers, animated by the voice and presence of Lord

Evandale, fought with fury, their small numbers being in some measure compensated by their greater skill, and by their possessing the upper ground, which they defended desperately with pikes and halberds, as well as with the butt of the carabines and their broad-swords. Those within the Castle endeavoured to assist their companions, whenever they could so level their guns as to fire upon the enemy without endangering their friends. The sharp-shooters, dispersed around, were firing incessantly on each object that was exposed upon the battlement. The Castle was enveloped with smoke, and the rocks rang to the cries of the combatants. In the midst of this scene of confusion, a singular accident had nearly given the besiegers possession of the fortress.

Cuddie Headrigg, who had advanced among the marksmen, being well acquainted with every rock and bush in the vicinity of the Castle, where he had so often ga-

thered nuts with Jenny Dennison, was enabled, by such local knowledge, to advance farther, and with less danger, than most of his companions, excepting some three or four who had followed him close. Now Cuddie, though a brave enough fellow upon the whole, was by no means fond of danger, either for its own sake, or for that of the glory which attends it. In his advance, therefore, he had not, as the phrase goes, taken the bull by the horns, or advanced in front of the enemies fire. On the contrary, he had edged gradually away from the scene of action, and, turning his line of ascent rather to the left, had pursued it until it brought him under a front of the Castle different from that before which the parties were engaged, and to which the defenders had given no attention, trusting to the steepness of the precipice. There was, however, on this point, a certain window belonging to a certain pantry, and communicating with a certain

yew-tree, which grew out of a steep cleft of the rock, being the very pass through which Goose-Gibbie was smuggled out of the Castle in order to carry Edith's express to Charnwood, and which had probably, in its day, been used for other contraband purposes. Cuddie, resting upon the butt of his gun, and looking up at this window, observed to one of his companions,—"There's a place I ken weel; mony a time I hae helped Jenny Dennison out o' that winnock, forby creeping in whiles mysel to get some daffin, at e'en after the pleugh was loosed."

"And what's to hinder us to creep in just now?" said the other, who was a smart, enterprizing young fellow.

"There's no muckle to hinder us, an' that were a'," answered Cuddie; "but what were we to do neist?"

"We'll tak the Castle," cried the other; "here are five or six o' us, and a' the sodgers are engaged at the gate."

"Come awa' wi' you, then," said Cuddie; "but mind, de'il a finger ye maun lay

on Lady Margaret, or Miss Edith, or the auld Major, or ony body but the sodgers—cut and quarter amang them, I carena."

"Ay, ay," said the other, "let us once in, and we'll make our own terms with them all."

Gingerly, and as if treading upon eggs, Cuddie began to ascend the well-known pass, not very willingly; for, besides that he was something apprehensive of the reception he might meet with in the inside, his conscience insisted that he was making but a shabby requital for Lady Margaret's former favours and protection. He got up, however, into the yew-tree, followed by his companions, one after another. The window was small, and had been secured by stauncheons of iron; but these had been long worn away by time, or forced out by the domestics to possess a free passage for their own occasional convenience. Entrance was therefore easy, providing there was no one in the pantry, a point which Cuddie endeavoured to discover before he

made the final and perilous step. While his companions, therefore, were urging and threatening him behind, and he was hesitating and stretching his neck to look into the apartment, his head became visible to Jenny Dennison, who had ensconced herself in said pantry as the safest place in which to wait the issue of the assault. So soon as this object of terror caught her eye, she set up a hysteric scream, flew to the adjacent kitchen, and, in the desperate agony of fear, seized on a pot of kail-brose which she herself had hung on the fire before the combat began, having promised to Tam Halliday to prepare his breakfast for him. Thus burthened, she returned to the window of the pantry, and still exclaiming, "Murder! murder!—we are a' harried and ravished—the Castle's ta'en—tak it amang ye!"—she discharged the whole scalding contents of the pot, accompanied with a dismal yell, upon the person of the unfortunate Cuddie. However welcome the mess might have been, if Cuddie and it

had become acquainted in a regular manner, the effects, as administered by Jenny, would probably have cured him of soldiering for ever, had he been looking upwards when it was thrown upon him. But, fortunately for our man of war, he had taken the alarm upon Jenny's first scream, and was in the act of looking down, expostulating with his comrades, who impeded the retreat which he was anxious to commence; so that the steel cap and buff coat which formerly belonged to Serjeant Bothwell, being garments of an excellent endurance, protected his person against the greater part of the scalding brose. Enough, however, reached him to annoy him severely, so that in the pain and surprise he jumped hastily out of the tree, oversetting his followers, to the manifest danger of their limbs, and, without listening to arguments, entreaties, or authority, made the best of his way by the most safe road to the main body of the army whereunto he belonged, and could

neither by threats nor persuasion be prevailed upon to return to the attack.

As for Jenny, when she had thus conferred upon one admirer's outward man the viands which her fair hands were preparing for the stomach of another, she continued her song of alarm, running a screaming division upon all those crimes, which lawyers call the four pleas of the crown, namely, murder, fire, rape, and robbery. These hideous exclamations gave so much alarm, and created such confusion within the Castle, that Major Bellenden and Lord Evandale judged it best to draw off from the conflict without the gates, and, abandoning to the enemy all the exterior defences of the avenue, confine themselves to the Castle itself, for fear of its being surprised on some unguarded point. Their retreat was unmolested, for the panic of Cuddie and his companions had occasioned nearly as much confusion on the side of the besiegers, as the screams of Jenny had caused to the defenders.

There was no attempt on either side to renew the action that day. The insurgents had suffered most severely; and, from the difficulty which they had experienced in carrying the barricaded positions without the precincts of the Castle, they could have but little hope of storming the place itself. On the other hand, the situation of the besieged was dispiriting and gloomy. In the skirmishing they had lost two or three men, and had several wounded; and though their loss was in proportion greatly less than that of the enemy, who had left twenty men dead on the place, yet their small number could much worse spare it, while the desperate attacks of the opposite party plainly showed how serious the leaders were in the purpose of reducing the place, and how well seconded by the zeal of their followers. But, especially, the garrison had to fear for hunger, in case blockade should be resorted to as the means of reducing them. The Major's directions had been imperfectly obeyed in regard to laying in

provisions; and the dragoons, in spite of all warning and authority, were likely to be wasteful in using them. It was, therefore, with a heavy heart, that Major Bellenden gave directions for guarding the window through which the Castle had so nearly been surprised, as well as all others which offered the most remote facility for such an enterprize.

CHAPTER XIII.

—— The King hath drawn
The special head of all the land together.
Henry IV. Part 2.

The leaders of the presbyterian army had a serious consultation upon the evening of the day in which they had made the attack on Tillietudlem. They could not but observe that their followers were disheartened by the loss which they had sustained, and which, as usual in such cases, had fallen upon the bravest and most forward. It was to be feared, that if they were suffered to exhaust their zeal and efforts in an object so secondary as the capture of this petty fort, their numbers would melt away by degrees, and they would lose all the advantages arising out of the present unprepared state of the go-

vernment. Moved by these arguments, it was agreed that the main body of the army should march against Glasgow, and dislodge the soldiers who were lying in that town. The council nominated Henry Morton, with others, to this last service, and appointed Burley to the command of a chosen body of five hundred men, who were to remain behind, for the purpose of blockading the Tower of Tillietudlem. Morton testified the greatest repugnance to this arrangement.

"He had the strongest personal motives," he said, "for desiring to remain near Tillietudlem; and if the management of the siege were committed to him, he had little doubt but that he would bring it to such an accommodation as, without being rigorous to the besieged, would fully answer the purpose of the besiegers."

Burley readily guessed the cause of his young colleague's reluctance to move with the army; for, interested as he was in appreciating the characters with whom he

had to deal, he had contrived, through the simplicity of Cuddie, and the enthusiasm of old Mause, to get much information concerning Morton's relations with the family of Tillietudlem. He therefore took the advantage of Poundtext arising to speak to business, as he said, for some short space of time, which Burley rightly interpreted to mean an hour at the very least, and seized that moment to withdraw Morton from the hearing of their colleagues, and to hold the following argument with him:

"Thou art unwise, Henry Morton, to desire to sacrifice this holy cause to thy friendship for an uncircumcised Philistine, or thy lust for a Moabitish woman."

"I neither understand your meaning, Mr Balfour, nor relish your allusions," replied Morton, indignantly; "and I know no reason you have to bring so gross a charge, or to use such uncivil language."

"Confess, however, the truth, that there are those within yon dark Tower, over whom thou wouldst rather be watching

like a mother over her little ones, than thou wouldst bear the banner of the Church of Scotland over the necks of her enemies."

"If you mean that I would willingly terminate this war without any bloody victory, and that I am more anxious to do this than to acquire any personal fame or power, you may be," replied Morton, "perfectly right."

"And not wholly wrong," answered Burley, "in deeming that thou wouldst not exclude from so general a pacification thy friends in the garrison of Tillietudlem."

"Certainly," replied Morton; "I am too much obliged to Major Bellenden not to wish to be of service to him as far as the interest of the cause I have espoused will permit. I never made a secret of my regard for him."

"I am aware of that," said Burley; "but, if thou hadst concealed it, I should, nevertheless, have found out thy riddle.

Now, hearken to my words. This Miles Bellenden hath means to subsist his garrison for a month."

"That is not the case," answered Morton; "we know his stores are hardly equal to a week's consumption."

"Ay, but," continued Burley, "I have since had proof, of the strongest nature, that such a report was spread in the garrison by that wily and grey-headed malignant, partly to prevail on the soldiers to submit to a diminution of their daily food, partly to detain us before the walls of his fortress until the sword should be whetted to smite and to destroy us."

"And why was not the evidence of this laid before the council of war?" said Morton.

"To what purpose?" said Balfour.—"What need we undeceive Kettledrummle, Macbriar, Poundtext, and Langcale, upon such a point? Thyself must own, that whatever is told to them escapes to the

host out of the mouth of the preachers at their next holding-forth. They are already discouraged by the thoughts of lying before the fort a week. What would be the consequence were they ordered to prepare for the leaguer of a month?"

"But why conceal it, then, from me? or why tell it me now? And, above all, what proofs have you got of the fact?" continued Morton.

"There are many proofs," replied Burley; and he put into his hand a number of requisitions sent forth by Major Bellenden, with receipts on the back to various proprietors, for cattle, corn, meal, &c., to such an amount, that the sum total seemed to exclude the possibility of the garrison being soon distressed for provisions. But Burley did not inform Morton of a fact which he himself knew full well, namely, that most of these provisions never reached the garrison, owing to the rapacity of the dragoons sent to collect them, who readily sold to

one man what they took from another, and abused the Major's press for stores, pretty much as Sir John Falstaff did that of the King for men.

"And now," continued Balfour, observing that he had made the desired impression, "I have only to say, that I concealed this from thee no longer than it was concealed from myself, for I have only received these papers this morning; and I tell it unto thee now, that thou mayest go on thy way rejoicing, and work the great work willingly at Glasgow, being assured that no evil can befall thy friends in the malignant party, since their fort is sufficiently victualled, and I possess not numbers sufficient to do more against them than to prevent their sallying forth."

"And why," continued Morton, who felt an inexpressible reluctance to acquiesce in Balfour's reasoning—"why not permit me to remain in the command of this smaller party, and march forward

yourself to Glasgow? It is the more honourable charge."

"And, therefore, young man," answered Burley, "have I laboured that it should be committed to the son of Silas Morton. I am waxing old, and this grey head has had enough of honour where it could be gathered by dangers. I speak not of the frothy bubble which men call earthly fame, but the honour belonging to him that doth not the work negligently. But thy career is yet to run. Thou hast to vindicate the high trust which has been bestowed on thee through my assurance that it was dearly well-merited. At Loudon-hill thou wert a captive, and at the last attack it was thy part to fight under cover, whilst I led the more open and dangerous attack; and, shouldst thou now remain before these walls when there is active service elsewhere, trust me, that men will say, that the son of Silas Morton hath fallen away from the paths of his father."

Stung by this last observation, to which, as a gentleman and soldier, he could offer no suitable reply, Morton hastily acquiesced in the proposed arrangement. Yet he was unable to divest himself of certain feelings of distrust which he involuntarily attached to the quarter from which he received this information.

"Mr Balfour," he said, "let us distinctly understand each other. You have thought it worth your while to bestow particular attention upon my private affairs and personal attachments; be so good as to understand that I am as constant to them as to my political principles. It is possible, that, during my absence, you may possess the power of soothing or of wounding these feelings. Be assured, that whatever may be the consequences to the issue of our present adventure, my eternal gratitude, or my persevering resentment, will attend the line of conduct you may adopt on such an occasion; and, however young and inexperienced I am, I have no

doubt of finding friends to assist me in expressing my sentiments in either case."

"If there be a threat implied in that denunciation," replied Burley, coldly and haughtily, "it had better have been spared. I know how to value the regard of my friends, and despise, from my soul, the threats of my enemies. But I will not take occasion of offence. Whatever happens here in your absence, shall be managed with as much deference to your wishes as the duty I owe to a higher power can possibly permit."

With this qualified promise Morton was obliged to rest satisfied.

"Our defeat will relieve the garrison," said he, internally, "ere they can be reduced to surrender at discretion; and, in case of victory, I already see, from the numbers of the moderate party, that I shall have a voice as powerful as Burley's in determining the use which shall be made of it."

He therefore followed Burley to the council, where they found Kettledrummle

adding to his *lastly* a few words of practical application. When these were expended, Morton testified his willingness to accompany the main body of the army, which was destined to drive the regular troops from Glasgow. His companions in command were named, and the whole received a strengthening exhortation from the preachers who were present. Next morning, at break of day, the insurgent army broke up from their encampment, and marched towards Glasgow.

It is not our intention to detail at length incidents which may be found in the history of the period. It is sufficient to say, that Claverhouse and Lord Ross, learning the superior force which was directed against them, entrenched, or rather barricadoed themselves, in the centre of the city, where the town-house and old jail were situated, with the determination to stand the assault of the insurgents rather than to abandon the capital of the west of Scotland. The presbyterians made their

attack in two bodies, one of which penetrated into the city in the line of the College and cathedral church, while the other marched up the Gallowgate, or principal access from the south-east. Both divisions were led by men of resolution, and behaved with great spirit. But the advantages of discipline and situation were too great for their undisciplined valour. Ross and Claverhouse had carefully disposed parties of their soldiers in houses, at the heads of the streets, and in the entrances of closes, as they are called, or lanes, besides those who were entrenched behind breast-works which reached across the streets. The assailants found their ranks thinned by a fire from invisible opponents, which they had no means of returning with effect. It was in vain that Morton and other leaders exposed their persons with the utmost gallantry, and endeavoured to bring their antagonists to a close action. Their followers shrunk from them in every direction; and yet, though Henry Morton was one of

the very last to retire, and exerted himself in bringing up the rear, maintaining order in the retreat, and checking every attempt which the enemy made to improve the advantage they had gained by the repulse, he had still the mortification to hear many of those in his ranks muttering to each other, that this came of trusting to latitudinarian boys, and that had honest, faithful Burley led the attack, as he did that of the barricades of Tillietudlem, the issue would have been as different as might be. It was with burning resentment that Morton heard these reflections thrown out by the very men who had soonest exhibited signs of discouragement. The unjust reproach, however, had the effect of firing his emulation, and making him sensible that, engaged as he was in a perilous cause, it was absolutely necessary that he should conquer or die.

"I have no retreat," he said to himself. "All shall allow—even Major Bellenden—

even Edith—that in courage, at least, the rebel Morton was not inferior to his father."

The condition of the army after this repulse was so undisciplined, and in such disorganization, that the leaders thought it prudent to draw off some miles from the city to gain time for reducing them once more into such order as they were capable of adopting. Recruits, in the meanwhile, came fast in, more moved by the extreme hardships of their own condition, and encouraged by the advantage obtained at Loudon-hill, than deterred by the last unfortunate enterprise. Many of these attached themselves particularly to Morton's division. He had, however, the mortification to see, that his unpopularity among the more intolerant part of the Covenanters increased rapidly. The prudence, beyond his years, which he exhibited in improving the discipline and arrangement of his followers, they termed a trusting in the

arm of flesh, and his avowed tolerance for those of religious sentiments and observances different from his own, obtained him, most unjustly, the nickname of Gallio, who cared for none of those things. What was worse than these misconceptions, the mob of the insurgents, always loudest in applause of those who push political or religious opinions to extremity, and disgusted with such as endeavour to reduce them to the yoke of discipline, preferred avowedly the more zealous leaders, in whose ranks enthusiasm in the cause supplied the want of good order and military subjection, to the restraints which Morton endeavoured to bring them under. In short, while bearing the principal burden of command, (for his colleagues willingly relinquished in his favour every thing that was troublesome and obnoxious in the office of general,) Morton found himself without that authority which alone could render his regulations effectual.

Yet, notwithstanding these obstacles, he had, during the course of a few days, laboured so hard to introduce some degree of discipline into the army, that he thought he might hazard a second attack upon Glasgow with every certainty of success.

It cannot be doubted that Morton's anxiety to measure himself with Colonel Grahame of Claverhouse, at whose hands he had sustained such injury, had its share in giving motive to his uncommon exertions. But Claverhouse disappointed his hopes; for, satisfied with having the advantage in repulsing the first attack upon Glasgow, he determined that he would not, with the handful of troops under his command, await a second attack from the insurgents with more numerous and better disciplined forces than had supported their first enterprise. He therefore evacuated the place, and marched at the head of his troops towards Edinburgh. The insurgents of course entered Glasgow with-

out resistance, and without Morton having the opportunity, which he so deeply coveted, of again encountering Claverhouse personally. But, although he had not an opportunity of wiping away the disgrace which had befallen his division of the army of the Covenant, the retreat of Claverhouse, and the possession of Glasgow, tended greatly to animate the insurgent army and to increase its numbers. The necessity of appointing new officers, of organizing new regiments and squadrons, of making them acquainted with the most necessary points of military discipline, were labours, which, by universal consent, seemed to be devolved upon Henry Morton, and which he the more readily undertook, because his father had made him acquainted with the theory of the military art, and because he plainly saw, that, unless he took this ungracious but absolutely necessary labour, it was vain to expect any other to engage in it.

In the meanwhile, fortune appeared to favour the enterprise of the insurgents more than the most sanguine durst have expected. The Privy Council of Scotland, astonished at the extent of resistance which their arbitrary measures had provoked, seemed stupified with terror, and incapable of taking active steps to subdue the resentment which their measures had provoked. There were but very few troops in Scotland, and these they drew towards Edinburgh, as if to form an army for protection of the metropolis. The feudal array of the crown vassals in the various counties was ordered to take the field, and render to the King the military service due for their fiefs. But the summons was very slackly obeyed. The quarrel was not generally popular among the gentry; and even those who were not unwilling themselves to have taken arms, were deterred by the repugnance of their wives, mothers, and sisters, to their engaging in

such a cause. Meanwhile, the inadequacy of the Scottish government to provide for their own defence, or to put down a rebellion of which the commencement seemed so trifling, excited at the English court doubts at once of their capacity, and of the prudence of the severities they had exerted against the oppressed presbyterians. It was, therefore, resolved to nominate to the command of the army of Scotland, the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth, who had by marriage a great interest in the southern parts of that kingdom. The military skill which he had displayed on different occasions abroad, was supposed more than adequate to subdue the insurgents in the field, while it was expected that his mild temper and the favourable disposition which he shewed to presbyterians in general, might soften men's minds, and tend to reconcile them to the government. The Duke was, therefore, invested with a commission, contain-

ing high powers for settling the distracted affairs of Scotland, and dispatched from London with strong succours to take the principal military command in that country.

CHAPTER XIV.

—— I am bound to Bothwell-hill,
Where I maun either do or die.

THERE was now a pause in the military movements on both sides. The government seemed contented to prevent the rebels advancing towards the capital, while the insurgents were intent upon augmenting and strengthening their forces. For this purpose, they established a sort of encampment in the park belonging to the ducal residence at Hamilton, a centrical situation for receiving their recruits, and where they were secured from any sudden attack, by having the Clyde, a deep and rapid river, in front of their position, which is only passable by a long and nar-

row bridge near the castle and village of Bothwell.

Morton remained here for about a fortnight after the attack on Glasgow, actively engaged in his military duties. He had received more than one communication from Burley, but they only stated, in general, that the Castle of Tillietudlem continued to hold out. Impatient of suspense upon this most interesting subject, he at length intimated to his colleagues in command his desire, or rather his intention,—for he saw no reason why he should not assume a licence which was taken by every one else in this ill-ordered army,—to go to Milnwood for a day or two to arrange some private affairs of consequence. The proposal was by no means approved of; for they were sufficiently sensible of the value of his services to fear to lose them, and were somewhat conscious of their own inability to supply his place. They could not, however, pretend to dictate to him laws more rigid than they sub-

mitted to themselves, and he was suffered to depart on his journey without any direct objection being stated. The Reverend Mr Poundtext took the same opportunity to pay a visit to his own residence in the neighbourhood of Milnwood, and favoured Morton with his company on the journey. As the country was chiefly friendly to their cause, and in possession of their detached parties, excepting here and there the strong-hold of some old cavaliering Baron, they travelled without any other attendant than the faithful Cuddie.

It was near sunset when they reached Milnwood, where Poundtext bid adieu to his companions, and travelled forward alone to his own manse, which was situated half a mile's march beyond Tillietudlem. When Morton was left alone to his own reflections, with what complication of feelings did he review the woods, banks, and fields, that had been familiar to him! His character, as well as his habits, thoughts, and occupations, had been entirely changed

within the space of little more than a fortnight, and twenty days seemed to have done upon him the work of as many years. A mild, romantic, gentle-tempered youth, bred up in dependence, and stooping patiently to the controul of a sordid and tyrannical relation, had suddenly, by the rod of oppression and the spur of injured feeling, been compelled to stand forth a leader of armed men, was earnestly engaged in affairs of a public nature, had friends to animate and enemies to contend with, and felt his individual fate bound up in that of a national insurrection and revolution. It seemed as if he had at once experienced a transition from the romantic dreams of youth to the labours and cares of active manhood. All that had formerly interested him was obliterated from his memory, excepting only his attachment to Edith, and even his love seemed to have assumed a character more manly and disinterested, as it had become mingled and contrasted with other duties and feelings. As he revolved

the particulars of this sudden change, the circumstances in which it originated, and the possible consequences of his present career, the thrill of natural anxiety which passed along his mind, was immediately banished by a glow of generous and high-spirited confidence.

"I shall fall young," he said, "if fall I must, my motives misconstrued, and my actions condemned by those whose approbation is dearest to me. But the sword of liberty and patriotism is in my hand, and I will neither fall meanly nor unavenged. They may expose my body and gibbet my limbs, but other days will come when the sentence of infamy will recoil against those who may pronounce it. And that Heaven, whose name is so often profaned during this unnatural war, will bear witness to the purity of the motives by which I have been guided."

Upon approaching Milnwood, Henry's knock upon the gate no longer intimated the conscious timidity of a stripling who

has been out of bounds, but the confidence of a man in full possession of his own rights, and master of his own actions—bold, free, and decided. The door was cautiously opened by his old acquaintance, Mrs Alison Wilson, who started back when she saw the steel cap and nodding plume of the martial visitor.

"Where is my uncle, Alison?" said Morton, smiling at her alarm.

"Lordsake, Mr Harry, is this you?" returned the old lady. "In troth, ye garr'd my heart loup to my very mouth—But it canna be your ainsel, for ye look taller and mair manly-like than ye used to do."

"It is, however, my own self," said Henry, sighing and smiling at the same time; "I believe this dress may make me look taller, and these times, Ailie, make men out of boys."

"Sad times, indeed," echoed the old woman; "and O that you suld be endangered wi' them! but wha can help it?—ye

were ill aneugh guided, and, as I tell your uncle, if ye tread on a worm it will turn."

"You were always my advocate, Ailie, and would let no one blame me but yourself, I am aware of that.—Where is my uncle?"

"In Edinburgh," replied Alison; "the honest man thought it was best to gang and sit by the chimney when the reek rase—a vex'd man he's been and a fear'd—but ye ken the laird as weel as I do."

"I hope he has suffered nothing in health?" said Henry.

"Naething to speak of," answered the housekeeper, "nor in gudes neither—we fended as weel as we could; and, though the troopers of Tillietudlem took the red cow and auld Hackie, (ye'll mind them weel,) yet they sauld us a gude bargain of four they were driving to the Castle."

"Sold you a bargain?" said Morton, "how do you mean?"

"O, they cam out to gather marts for the garrison," answered the housekeeper;

"but they just fell to their auld trade, and rade through the country couping and selling a' that they gat, like sae mony west-country drovers. My certie, Major Bellenden was laird o' the least share o' what they lifted, though it was ta'en in his name."

"Then," said Morton, hastily, "the garrison must be straitened for provisions?"

"Stressed aneugh," replied Ailie—"there's little doubt o' that."

A light instantly glanced on Morton's mind.

"Burley must have deceived me—craft as well as cruelty is permitted by his creed.—I cannot stay, Mrs Wilson, I must go forward directly."

"But, oh! bide to eat a mouthfu'," entreated the affectionate housekeeper, "and I'll mak it ready for ye as I used to do afore thae sad days."

"It is impossible," answered Morton. "Cuddie, get our horses ready."

"They're just eating their corn," answered Cuddie.

"Cuddie!" exclaimed Ailie, "What garr'd ye bring that ill-fa'ard, unlucky loon alang wi' ye?—It was him and his randie mother began a' the mischief in this house."

"Tut, tut," replied Cuddie, "ye shoud forget and forgi'e, mistress. Mother's in Glasgow wi' her tittie, and sall plague ye nae mair, and I'm the Captain's wally now, and I keep him tighter in thack and rape than ever ye did;—saw ye him ever sae weel put on as he is now?"

"In troth and that's true," said the old housekeeper, looking with great complacency at her young master, whose mien she thought greatly improved by his dress. "I'm sure ye ne'er had a laced cravat like that when ye were at Milnwood; that's nane o' my sewing."

"Na, na, mistress," replied Cuddie, "that's a cast o' my hand—that's ane o' Lord Evandale's braws."

"Lord Evandale?" answered the old

lady, " that's he that the whigs are gaun to hang the morn, as I hear say."

" The whigs about to hang Lord Evandale?" said Morton, in the greatest surprise.

" Ay, troth are they," said the housekeeper. " Yesterday night he made a sally, as they ca't, (my mother's name was Sally—I wonder they gi'e Christian folks names to sic unchristian doings)—but he made an outbreak to get provisions, and his men were driven back and he was ta'en, an' the whig Captain, Balfour, garr'd set up a gallows, and swore, (or said upon his conscience, for they winna swear,) that, if the garrison was not gi'en ower the morn by daybreak, he would hing up the young Lord, poor thing, as high as Haman.—These are sair times!—but folk canna help them—sae do ye sit down and tak bread and cheese until better meat's made ready. Ye suldna hae kenn'd a word about it, an' I had thought it was to spoil your dinner, hinnie."

"Fed, or unfed, saddle the horses instantly, Cuddie. We must not rest until we get before the Castle."

And, resisting all Ailie's entreaties, they instantly resumed their journey.

Morton failed not to halt at the dwelling of Poundtext, and summon him to attend him to the camp. That honest divine had just resumed for an instant his pacific habits, and was perusing an ancient theological treatise, with a pipe in his mouth, and a small jug of ale beside him, to assist his digestion of the argument. It was with bitter ill-will that he relinquished these comforts (which he called his studies) in order to recommence a hard ride upon a high-trotting horse. However, when he knew the matter in hand, he gave up, with a deep groan, the prospect of spending a quiet evening in his own little parlour; for he entirely agreed with Morton, that whatever interest Burley might have in rendering the breach between the presbyterians and the government irreconcile-

able, by putting the young nobleman to death, it was by no means that of the moderate party to permit such an act of atrocity. And it is but doing justice to Mr Poundtext to add, that, like most of his own persuasion, he was decidedly averse to any such acts of unnecessary violence; besides, that his own present feelings induced him to listen with much complacence to the probability held out by Morton, of Lord Evandale becoming a mediator for the establishment of peace upon fair and moderate terms. With this similarity of views, they hastened their journey, and arrived about eleven o'clock at night at a small hamlet adjacent to the Castle of Tillietudlem, where Burley had established his head-quarters.

They were challenged by the centinel, who made his melancholy walk at the entrance of the hamlet, and admitted upon declaring their names and authority in the army. Another kept watch before a house,

which they conjectured to be the place of Lord Evandale's confinement, for a gibbet of such great height as to be visible from the battlements of the Castle, was erected before it, in melancholy confirmation of the truth of Mrs Wilson's report. Morton instantly demanded to speak with Burley, and was directed to his quarters. They found him reading the Scriptures with his arms lying beside him, as if ready for any sudden alarm. He started upon the entrance of his colleagues in office.

"What has brought ye hither?" said Burley, hastily. "Is there bad news from the army?"

"No," replied Morton; "but we understand that there are measures adopted here in which the safety of the army is deeply concerned—Lord Evandale is your prisoner?"

"The Lord," replied Burley, "hath delivered him into our hands."

"And you will avail yourself of that

advantage, granted you by Heaven, to dishonour our cause in the eyes of all the world, by putting a prisoner to an ignominous death?"

"If the house of Tillietudlem be not surrendered by daybreak," replied Burley, "God do so to me and more also, if he shall not die that death to which his leader and pattern, John Grahame of Claverhouse, hath put so many of God's saints."

"We are in arms," replied Morton, "to put down such cruelties, and not to imitate them, far less to avenge upon the innocent the acts of the guilty. By what law can you justify the atrocity you would commit?"

"If thou art ignorant of it," replied Burley, "thy companion is well aware of the law which gave the men of Jericho to the sword of Joshua, the son of Nun."

"But we," answered the divine, "live under a better dispensation, which instructeth us to return good for evil, and

to pray for those who despitefully use us and persecute us."

"That is to say," said Burley, "that thou wilt join thy grey hairs to his green youth to controvert me in this matter?"

"We are," rejoined Poundtext, "two of those to whom, jointly with thyself, authority is delegated over this host, and we will not permit thee to hurt a hair of the prisoner's head. It may please God to make him a means of healing these unhappy breaches in our Israel."

"I judged it would come to this," answered Burley, "when such as thou wert called into the council of the elders."

"Such as I?" answered Poundtext.—"And who am I that you should name me with such scorn?—Have I not kept the flock of this sheep-fold from the wolves for thirty years? Ay, even while thou, John Balfour, wert fighting in the ranks of uncircumcision, a Philistine of hardened brow and bloody hand—Who am I, sayst thou?"

"I will tell thee what thou art, since thou wouldst so fain know," said Burley. "Thou art one of those who would reap where thou hast not sowed, and divide the spoil while others fight the battle—thou art one of those that follow the gospel for the loaves and for the fishes—that love their own manse better than the church of God, and that would rather draw their stipend under prelatists or heathens, than be a partaker with those noble spirits who have cast all behind them for the sake of the Covenant."

"And I will tell thee, John Balfour," returned Poundtext, deservedly incensed, "I will tell thee what *thou* art. Thou art one of those for whose bloody and merciless disposition a reproach is flung upon the whole church of this suffering kingdom, and for whose violence and blood-guiltiness, it is to be feared, this fair attempt to recover our civil and religious rights will never be honoured by Providence with the desired success."

"Gentlemen," said Morton, "cease this recrimination; and do you, Mr Balfour, inform us, whether it is your purpose to oppose the liberation of Lord Evandale, which appears to us a profitable measure in the present position of our affairs."

"You are here," answered Burley, "as two voices against one; but you will not refuse to tarry until the united council shall decide upon this matter?"

"This," said Morton, "we would not decline, if we could trust the hands in whom we are to leave the prisoner. But you know well," he added, looking sternly at Burley, "that you have already deceived me in this matter."

"Go to," said Burley, disdainfully,—"thou art an idle inconsiderate boy, who, for the black eye-brows of a silly girl, would barter thy own faith and honour, and the cause of God and of thy country."

"Mr Balfour," said Morton, laying his hand on his sword, "this language requires satisfaction."

"And thou shalt have it, stripling, when and where thou darest," said Burley, "I plight thee my good word on it."

Poundtext, in his turn, interfered, to remind them of the madness of quarrelling, and effected with difficulty a sort of sullen reconciliation.

"Concerning the prisoner," said Burley, "deal with him as ye think fit. I wash my hands free from all consequences. He is my prisoner, made by my sword and spear, while you, Mr Morton, were playing the adjutant at drills and parades, and you, Mr Poundtext, were warping the Scriptures into Erastianism. Take him unto you, nevertheless, and dispose of him as ye think meet.—Dingwall," he continued, calling a sort of aid-de-camp, who slept in the next apartment, "let the guard posted on the malignant Evandale give up their post to those whom Captain Morton shall appoint to relieve them.—The prisoner," he said, again addressing

Poundtext and Morton, "is now at your disposal, gentlemen. But remember, that for all these things there will one day come a term of heavy accounting."

So saying, he turned abruptly into an inner apartment, without bidding them good evening. His two visitors, after a moment's consideration, agreed it would be prudent to ensure the prisoner's personal safety, by placing over him an additional guard, chosen from their own parishioners. A band of them happened to be stationed in the hamlet, having been attached, for the time, to Burley's command, in order that the men might be gratified by remaining as long as possible near to their own homes. They were, in general, smart, active young fellows, and were usually called, by their companions, the Marksmen of Milnwood. By Morton's desire, four of these lads readily undertook the task of centinels, and he left with them Headrigg, on whose fidelity he could depend, with

instructions to call him, if any thing remarkable happened.

This arrangement being made, Morton and his colleague took possession, for the night, of such quarters as the over-crowded and miserable hamlet could afford them. They did not, however, separate for repose ere they had drawn up a memorial of the grievances of the moderate presbyterians, which was summed up with a request of free toleration for their religion in future, and that they should be permitted to attend gospel ordinances as dispensed by their own clergymen, without oppression or molestation. Their petition proceeded to require that a free parliament should be called for settling the affairs of church and state, and for redressing the injuries sustained by the subject; and that all those who either now were, or had been in arms, for obtaining these ends, should be indemnified. Morton could not but strongly hope that these terms, which comprehend-

ed all that was wanted, or wished for, by the moderate party among the insurgents, might, when thus cleared of the violence of fanaticism, find advocates even among the royalists, as claiming only the ordinary rights of Scottish freemen.

He had the more confidence of a favourable reception, that the Duke of Monmouth, to whom Charles had entrusted the charge of subduing this rebellion, was a man of gentle, moderate, and accessible disposition, well known to be favourable to the presbyterians, and invested by the king with full powers to take measures for quieting the disturbances in Scotland. It seemed to Morton, that all which was necessary for influencing him in their favour was to find a fit and sufficiently respectable channel of communication, and such seemed to be opened through the medium of Lord Evandale. He resolved, therefore, to visit the prisoner early on the morning, to sound his dispositions to undertake the

task of mediator; but an accident happened which led him to anticipate his purpose.

CHAPTER XV.

Gi'e ower your house, lady, he said,—
Gi'e ower your house to me.
Edom of Gordon.

MORTON had finished the revisal and the making out a fair copy of the paper on which he and Poundtext had agreed to rest as a full statement of the grievances of their party, and the conditions on which the greater part of the insurgents would be contented to lay down their arms; and he was about to betake himself to repose, when there was a knocking at the door of his apartment.

"Enter," said Morton; and the round bullet-head of Cuddie Headrigg was thrust into the room. "Come in," said Morton,

"and tell me what you want. Is there alarm?"

"Na, sir; but I hae brought ane to speak wi' you."

"Who is that, Cuddie?" enquired Morton.

"Ane o' your auld acquaintance," said Cuddie; and, opening the door more fully, he half led, half dragged in a woman, whose face was muffled in her plaid.—"Come, come, ye need na be sae bashfu' before auld acquaintance, Jenny," said Cuddie, pulling down the veil and discovering to his master the well-remembered countenance of Jenny Dennison. "Tell his honour now—there's a braw lass—tell him what ye were wanting to say to Lord Evandale, mistress."

"What was I wanting to say," answered Jenny, "to his honour himsel the other morning, when I visited him in captivity, ye muckle hash?—D'ye think that folk dinna want to see their friends in adversity, ye dour croudy-eater?"

This reply was made with Jenny's usual volubility; but her voice quivered, her cheek was thin and pale, the tears stood in her eyes, her hand trembled, her manner was fluttered, and her whole presence bore marks of recent suffering and privation, as well as of nervous and hysterical agitation.

"What is the matter, Jenny?" said Morton, kindly. "You know how much I owe you in many respects, and can hardly make a request that I will not grant, if in my power."

"Many thanks, Milnwood," said the weeping damsel; "but ye were aye a kind gentleman, though folk say ye hae become sair changed now."

"What do they say of me?" answered Morton.

"A' body says that you and the whigs hae made a vow to ding King Charles aff the throne, and that neither he, nor his posteriors from generation to generation, shall sit upon it ony mair; and John Gud-

yill says ye're to gi'e a' the church organs to the pipers, and burn the book o' Common Prayer by the hands of the common hangman, in revenge of the Covenant that was burnt when the king cam hame."

"My friends at Tillietudlem judge too hastily and too ill of me," answered Morton. "I wish to have free exercise of my own religion, without insulting any other; and, as to your family, I only desire an opportunity to shew them I have the same friendship and kindness as ever."

"Bless your kind heart for saying sae," said Jenny, bursting into a flood of tears; "and they never needed kindness or friendship mair, for they are famished for lack o' food."

"Good God!" replied Morton, "I heard of scarcity, but not of famine! Is it possible?—Have the ladies and the Major"—

"They hae suffered like the lave o' us," replied Jenny; "for they shared every bit and sup wi' the whole folk in the Castle—I'm sure my poor e'en see fifty colours wi'

faintness, and my head's sae dizzy wi' the mirligoes that I canna stand my lane."

The thinness of the poor girl's cheek and the sharpness of her features bore witness to the truth of what she said. Morton was greatly shocked.

"Sit down," he said, "for God's sake!" forcing her into the only chair the apartment afforded, while he himself strode up and down the room in horror and impatience. "I knew not of this," he exclaimed, in broken ejaculations.—"I could not know of it.—Cold-blooded, hard-hearted fanatic—deceitful villain!—Cuddie, fetch refreshments—food—wine, if possible—whatever you can find."

"Whisky is gude eneugh for her," muttered Cuddie; "ane wadna hae thought that gude meal was sae scant amang them, when the quean threw sae muckle gude kail-brose scalding het about my lugs."

Faint and miserable as Jenny seemed to be, she could not hear the allusion to her exploit during the storm of the Castle,

without bursting into a laugh which weakness soon converted into a hysterical giggle. Confounded at her state, and reflecting with horror on the distress which must have been in the Castle, Morton repeated his commands to Headrigg in a peremptory manner; and, when he had departed, endeavoured to sooth his visitor.

"You come, I suppose, by the orders of your mistress, to visit Lord Evandale?—Tell me what she desires; her order shall be my law."

Jenny appeared to reflect a moment, and then said, "Your honour is sae auld a friend, I must needs trust to you, and tell the truth."

"Be assured, Jenny," said Morton, observing that she hesitated, "that you will best serve your mistress by dealing sincerely with me."

"Weel, then, ye maun ken we're starving, as I said before, and have been mair days than ane; and the Major has sworn

that he expects relief daily, and that he will not gi'e ower the house to the enemy till we have eaten up his auld boots,—and they are unco thick in the soles, as ye may weel mind, forby being teugh in the upper-leather. The dragoons, again, they think they will be forced to gi'e up at last, and they canna bide hunger weel, after the life they led at free quarters for this while by-past; and, since Lord Evandale's ta'en, there's nae guiding them, and Inglis says he'll gi'e up the garrison to the whigs, and the Major and the leddies into the bargain, if they will but let the troopers gang free themsels."

"Scoundrels!" said Morton; "why do they not make terms for all in the Castle?"

"They are fear'd for want o' quarter to themsels, having done sae muckle mischief through the country, and Burley has hanged ane or twa o' them already—sae they want to draw their ain necks out o' the collar at hazard o' honest folk's."

"And you were sent," continued Mor-

ton, " to carry to Lord Evandale the unpleasant news of the men's mutiny?"

" Just e'en sae," said Jenny; " Tam Halliday took the rue, and tauld me a' about it, and gat me out o' the Castle to tell Lord Evandale, if possibly I could win at him."

" But how can he help you? he is a prisoner."

" Well-a-day, ay," answered the afflicted damsel; " but maybe he could make fair terms for us—or, maybe, he could gi'e us some gude advice—or, maybe, he might send his orders to the dragoons to be civil —or"——

" Or, maybe," said Morton, " you were to try if it were possible to set him at liberty?"

" If it were sae," answered Jenny with spirit, " it wadna be the first time I hae done my best to serve ane in captivity."

" True, Jenny, I were most ungrateful to forget it. But here comes Cuddie with refreshments—I will go and do your errand to Lord Evandale, while you take some food and wine."

"It willna be amiss ye should ken," said Cuddie to his master, "that this Jenny—this Mrs Dennison, was trying to cuittle favour wi' Tam Rand, the miller's man, to win into Lord Evandale's room without ony body kenning. She wasna aware, the gipsey, that I was at her elbow."

"And an unco fright ye gae me when ye cam ahint and took a grip o' me," said Jenny, giving him a sly twitch with her finger and her thumb—"if ye hadna been an auld acquaintance, ye daft gomeril"——

Cuddie, somewhat relenting, grinned a smile on his artful mistress, while Morton wrapped himself up in his cloak, took his sword under his arm, and went straight to the place of the young nobleman's confinement. He asked the centinels if any thing extraordinary had occurred.

"Nothing worth notice," they said, "excepting the lass that Cuddie took up, and two couriers that Captain Balfour had dispatched, one to the Reverend Ephraim Macbriar, another to Kettledrummle, both

of whom were beating the drum ecclesiastic in different towns between the position of Burley and the head-quarters of the main army near Hamilton."

"The purpose, I presume," said Morton, with an affectation of indifference, "was to call them hither?"

"So I understand," answered the centinel, who had spoke with the messengers.

"He is summoning a triumphant majority of the council," thought Morton to himself, "for the purpose of sanctioning whatever action of atrocity he may determine upon, and thwarting opposition by authority. I must be speedy, or I shall lose my opportunity."

When he entered the place of Lord Evandale's confinement, he found him ironed, and reclining on a flock-bed in the wretched garret of a miserable cottage. He was either in a slumber, or in deep meditation, when Morton entered, and turned on him, when aroused, a countenance so much reduced by loss of blood, want

of sleep, and scarcity of food, that no one could have recognized in it the gallant soldier who had behaved with so much spirit at the skirmish of Loudon-hill. He displayed some surprise at the sudden entrance of Morton.

"I am sorry to see you thus, my lord," said that youthful leader.

"I have heard you are an admirer of poetry," answered the prisoner; "in that case, Mr Morton, you may remember these lines

> "Stone walls do not a prison make,
> Or iron bars a cage;
> A free and quiet mind can take
> These for a hermitage."

"But, were my imprisonment less endurable, I am given to expect to-morrow a total enfranchisement."

"By death?" said Morton.

"Surely," answered Lord Evandale; "I have no other prospect. Your comrade,

Burley, has already dipped his hand in the blood of men whose meanness of rank and obscurity of extraction might have saved them. I cannot boast such a shield from his vengeance, and expect to meet it."

"But Major Bellenden," said Morton, "may surrender, in order to preserve your life."

"Never while there is one man to defend the battlement, and that man has one crust to eat. I know his gallant resolution, and grieved I should be if he changed it for my sake."

Morton hastened to acquaint him with the mutiny among the dragoons, and their resolution to surrender the Castle, and put the ladies of the family, as well as the Major, into the hands of the enemy. Lord Evandale seemed at first surprised, and something incredulous, but immediately afterwards deeply affected.

"What is to be done?" he said—"How is this misfortune to be averted?"

"Hear me, my lord," said Morton. "I believe you may not be unwilling to bear

the olive-branch between our master the King, and that part of his subjects which is now in arms, not from choice, but necessity."

"You construe me but justly," said Lord Evandale; "but to what does this tend?"

"Permit me, my lord"——continued Morton. "I will set you at liberty upon parole; nay, you may return to the garrison, and shall have a safe conduct for the ladies, the Major, and all who leave it, on condition of its instant surrender. In doing this you will only submit to circumstances; for, with a mutiny in the garrison, and without provisions, it will be found impossible to defend the place twenty-four hours longer. Those, therefore, who refuse to accompany your Lordship must take their fate. You and your followers shall have a free pass to Edinburgh, or wherever the Duke of Monmouth may be. In return for your liberty, we hope that you will recommend to the notice of his Grace, as Lieutenant-General of Scotland,

this humble petition and remonstrance, containing the grievances which have occasioned this insurrection, a redress of which being granted, I will answer, with my head, that the great body of the insurgents will lay down their arms."

Lord Evandale read over the paper with attention.

"Mr Morton," he said, "in my own simple judgment, I see little objection that can be made to the measures here recommended; nay, farther, I believe, in many respects, they may meet the private sentiments of the Duke of Monmouth; and yet, to deal frankly with you, I have no hopes of their being granted, unless, in the first place, you were to lay down your arms."

"The doing so," answered Morton, "would be virtually conceding that we had no right to take them up, and that, for one, I will never agree to."

"Perhaps it is hardly to be expected you should," said Lord Evandale; "and yet, on that point, I am certain the negocia-

tions will be wrecked. I am willing, however, having frankly told you my opinion, to do all in my power to bring about a reconciliation."

"It is all we can wish or expect," replied Morton; "the issue is in God's hands, who disposes the hearts of princes.—You accept then the safe conduct?"

"Certainly," answered Lord Evandale; "and if I do not enlarge upon the obligation incurred by your having saved my life a second time, believe that I do not feel it the less."

"And the garrison at Tillietudlem?"

"Shall be withdrawn as you propose. I am sensible the Major will be unable to bring the mutineers to reason, and I tremble to think of the consequences should the ladies and the brave old man be delivered up to this blood-thirsty ruffian Burley."

"You are in that case free," said Morton. "Prepare to mount on horseback; a few men whom I can trust shall attend

you till you are in safety from our parties."

Leaving Lord Evandale in great surprise and joy at his unexpected deliverance, Morton hastened to get a few chosen men under arms and on horseback, each rider holding the rein of a spare horse. Jenny, who, while she partook of her refreshment, had contrived to make up her breach with Cuddie, rode on the left hand of that valiant cavalier. The tramp of their horses was soon heard under the window of Lord Evandale's prison. Two men whom he did not know entered the apartment, disencumbered him of his fetters, and, conducting him down stairs, mounted him in the centre of the detachment. They set out at a round trot towards Tillietudlem.

The moonlight was giving way to the dawn when they approached that ancient fortress, and its dark massive tower had just received the first pale colouring of the morning. The party halted at the

Tower barrier, not venturing to approach nearer for fear of the fire of the place. Lord Evandale alone rode up to the gate, followed at a distance by Jenny Dennison. As they approached the gate, there was heard to arise in the court-yard a tumult which accorded ill with the quiet serenity of a summer dawn. Cries and oaths were heard, a pistol-shot or two were discharged, and every thing announced that the mutiny had broken out. At this crisis Lord Evandale arrived at the gate where Halliday was centinel. This man had given a reluctant consent to the conspiracy, and had indeed contrived the means by which Jenny escaped from the Castle to communicate the plot to his officer. On hearing Lord Evandale's voice, he instantly and gladly admitted him, and he arrived among the mutinous troopers like a man dropped from the clouds. They were in the act of putting their design into execution, of seizing the place into their own hands, and were about to disarm and overpower

Major Bellenden, and Harrison, and others of the Castle, who were offering the best resistance in their power.

The appearance of Lord Evandale changed the scene. He seized Inglis by the collar, and, upbraiding him with his villainy, ordered two of his comrades to seize and bind him, assuring the others, that their only chance of impunity consisted in instant submission. He then ordered the men into their ranks. They obeyed. He commanded them to ground their arms. They hesitated; but the instinct of discipline, joined to their persuasion that the authority of their officer, so boldly exerted, must be supported by some forces without the gate, induced them to submit.

"Take away those arms," said Lord Evandale to the people of the Castle; "they shall not be restored until these men know better the use for which they are entrusted with them.—And now," he continued, addressing the mutineers, "be-

gone—Make the best use of your time, and of a truce of three hours, which the enemy are contented to allow you. Take the road to Edinburgh, and meet me at the House-of-Muir. I need not bid you beware of committing violence by the way; you will not, in your present condition, provoke resentment for your own sakes. Let your punctuality shew that you mean to atone for this morning's business."

The disarmed soldiers shrunk in silence from the presence of their officer, and, leaving the Castle, took the road to the place of rendezvous, making such haste as was inspired by the fear of meeting with some detached party of the insurgents, whom their present defenceless condition, and their former violence, might inspire with thoughts of revenge. Inglis, whom Evandale destined for punishment, remained in custody. Halliday was praised for his conduct, and assured of succeeding to the rank of the culprit. These arrangements being

hastily made, Lord Evandale accosted the Major, before whose eyes the scene had seemed to pass like the change of a dream.

"My dear Major, we must give up the place."

"Is it even so?" said Major Bellenden. "I was in hopes you had brought reinforcements and supplies."

"Not a man—not a pound of meal," answered Lord Evandale.

"Yet I am blithe to see you," returned the honest Major; "we were informed yesterday that these psalm-singing rascals had a plot on your life, and I had mustered the scoundrelly dragoons ten minutes ago in order to beat up Burley's quarters and get you out of limbo, when the dog Inglis, instead of obeying me, broke out into open mutiny.—But what is to be done now?"

"I have myself no choice," said Lord Evandale, "I am a prisoner, released on parole, and bound for Edinburgh. You and the ladies must take the same route.

I have, by the favour of a friend, a safe conduct and horses for you and your retinue—for God's sake make haste—you cannot propose to hold out with seven or eight men and without provisions—Enough has been done for honour, and enough to render the defence of the highest consequence to government. More were needless as well as desperate. The English troops are arrived at Edinburgh, and will speedily move upon Hamilton. The possession of Tillietudlem by the rebels will be but temporary."

"If you think so, my Lord," said the veteran, with a reluctant sigh, "I know you only advise what is honourable—I must submit, for the mutiny of these scoundrels would render it impossible to man the walls.—Gudyill, let the women call up their mistresses, and all be ready to march—But if I thought my remaining in these old walls, till I was starved to a mummy, could do the King's cause the least service, old Miles Bellenden would

not leave them while there was a spark of life in his body."

The ladies, already alarmed by the mutiny, now heard the determination of the Major, in which they readily acquiesced. Hasty preparations were made for evacuating the Castle; and long ere the dawn was distinct enough for discovering objects with precision, they were mounted on the led horses, and others which had been provided in the neighbourhood, and proceeded towards the north, still escorted by four of the insurgent horsemen. The rest of the party who had accompanied Lord Evandale from the hamlet, took possession of the deserted Castle, carefully forbearing all outrage or acts of plunder. And, when the sun arose, the scarlet and blue colours of the Scottish Covenant floated from the Keep of Tillietudlem.

CHAPTER XVI.

And, to my breast, a bodkin in her hand
Were worth a thousand daggers.

MARLOW.

THE cavalcade which left the Castle of Tillietudlem halted a few minutes, after passing the outposts of the insurgents, to take some slight refreshments which their attendants had provided, and which were really necessary to persons who had suffered considerably by want of proper nourishment. They then pressed forward upon the road towards Edinburgh. It might have been expected, during the course of the journey, that Lord Evandale would have been frequently by the side of Miss Edith Bellenden. Yet, after his first salutations had been exchanged, and every pre-

caution solicitously adopted which could serve for her accommodation, he rode in the van of the party with Major Bellenden, and seemed to abandon the charge of immediate attendance upon his lovely niece to one of the insurgent cavaliers, whose dark military cloak, large flapped hat and feather, which drooped over his face, concealed at once his figure and his features. They rode side by side in silence for more than two miles, when the stranger addressed Miss Bellenden in a tremulous and suppressed voice.

"Miss Bellenden," he said, "must have friends wherever she is known; even among those whose conduct she now disapproves. Is there any thing that such can do to shew their respect for her, and their regret for her sufferings?"

"Let them learn for their own sakes," replied Edith, "to venerate the laws and to spare innocent blood—Let them return to their allegiance, and I can forgive

them all that I have suffered were it ten times more."

"You think it impossible then," rejoined the cavalier, "for any one to serve in our ranks having the weal of his country sincerely at heart, and conceiving himself in the discharge of a patriotic duty?"

"It might be imprudent while so absolutely in your power," replied Miss Bellenden, "to answer that question."

"Not in the present instance, I plight you the word of a soldier," replied the horseman.

"I have been taught candour from my birth," said Edith; "and, if I am to speak at all, I must utter my real sentiments. God only can judge the heart—men must estimate intentions by actions. Treason, murder by the sword and by gibbet, the oppression of a private family such as ours, who were only in arms for the defence of our own property, are actions which must needs sully all that have accession to them,

by whatever specious terms they may be gilded over."

"The guilt of civil war," rejoined the horseman—"the miseries which it brings in its train lie at the door of those who provoked it by illegal oppression, rather than of such as are driven to arms in order to assert their natural rights as freemen."

"That is assuming the question," replied Edith, "which ought to be proved; each party contends that they are right in point of principle, and therefore the guilt must lie with them who first drew the sword, as, in an affray, law holds those to be the criminals who are the first to have recourse to violence."

"Alas!" said the horseman, "were our vindication to rest there, how easy would it be to shew that we have suffered with a patience which almost seemed beyond the power of humanity, ere we were driven by oppression into open resistance!—But I perceive," he continued, sighing deeply, "that it is vain to plead before Miss Bellen-

den a cause which she has already prejudged, perhaps as much from her dislike of the persons as of the principles of those engaged in it."

"Pardon me," answered Edith; "I have stated with freedom my opinion of the principles of the insurgents; of their persons I know nothing,—excepting in one solitary instance."

"And that instance," said the horseman, "has influenced your opinion of the whole body?"

"Far from it," said Edith, "he is—at least I once thought him, one in whose scale few were fit to be weighed—he is—or he seemed—one of early talent, high faith, pure morality, and warm affections. Can I approve of a rebellion which has made such a man, formed to ornament, to enlighten, and to defend his country, the companion of gloomy and ignorant fanatics, or canting hypocrites,—the leader of brutal clowns,—the brother-in-arms to banditti and highway murderers?—Should you

meet such a one in your camp, tell him that Edith Bellenden has wept more over his fallen character, blighted prospects, and dishonoured name, than over the distresses of her own house,—and that she has better endured that famine which has wasted her cheek and dimmed her eye, than the pang of heart which attended the reflection by and through whom these calamities were inflicted."

As she thus spoke, she turned upon her companion a countenance whose faded cheek attested the reality of her sufferings, even while it glowed with the temporary animation which accompanied her language. The horseman was not insensible to the appeal; he raised his hand to his brow with the sudden motion of one who feels a pang shoot along his brain, passed it hastily over his face, and then pulled the shadowing hat still deeper on his forehead. The movement and the feelings which it excited did not escape Edith, nor did she remark them without emotion.

"And yet," she said, "should the person of whom I speak seem to you too deeply affected by the hard opinion of—of—an early friend, say to him, that sincere repentance is next to innocence;—that, though fallen from a height not easily recovered, and the author of much mischief, because gilded by his example, he may still atone in some measure for the evil he has done."

"And in what manner?" asked the cavalier, in the same suppressed, and almost choked voice.

"By lending his efforts to restore the blessings of peace to his distracted countrymen, and to induce the deluded rebels to lay down their arms. By saving their blood, he may atone for that which has been already spilt;—and he that shall be most active in accomplishing this great end, will best deserve the thanks of this age, and an honoured remembrance in the next."

"And in such a peace," said her compa-

nion, with a firm voice, "Miss Bellenden, would not wish, I think, that the interests of the people were sacrificed unreservedly to those of the crown."

"I am but a girl," was the young lady's reply, "and I scarce can speak on the subject without presumption. But, since I have gone so far, I will fairly add, I would wish to see a peace which should give rest to all parties, and secure the subjects from military rapine, which I detest as much as I do the means now adopted to resist it."

"Miss Bellenden," answered Henry Morton, raising his face, and speaking in his natural tone, "the person who has lost such a highly-valued place in your esteem, has yet too much spirit to plead his cause as a criminal, and, conscious that he can no longer claim a friend's interest in your bosom, he would be silent under your harsh censure, were it not that he can refer to the honoured testimony of Lord Evandale, that his earnest wishes and most active exertions are, even now, direct-

ed to the accomplishment of such a peace as the most loyal cannot censure."

He bowed with dignity to Miss Bellenden, who, though her language intimated that she well knew to whom she had been speaking, probably had not expected that he would justify himself with so much animation. She returned his salute confused and in silence. Morton then rode forward to the head of the party.

"Henry Morton!" exclaimed Major Bellenden, surprised at the sudden apparition.

"The same," answered Morton; "who is sorry that he labours under the harsh construction of Major Bellenden and his family. He commits to my Lord Evandale," he continued, turning towards the young nobleman, and bowing to him, "the charge of undeceiving his friends both regarding the particulars of his conduct and the purity of his motives. Farewell, Major Bellenden—All happiness attend you and yours—May we meet again in happier and better times."

"Believe me," said Lord Evandale, "your confidence, Mr Morton, is not misplaced; I will endeavour to repay the great services I have received from you by doing my best to place your character on its proper footing with Major Bellenden, and all whose esteem you value."

"I expected no less from your generosity, my lord," said Morton.

He then called his followers, and rode off along the heath in the direction of Hamilton, their feathers waving and their steel caps glancing in the sun. Cuddie Headrigg alone remained an instant behind his companions to take an affectionate farewell of Jenny Dennison, who had contrived, during this short morning's ride, to re-establish her influence over his susceptible bosom. A straggling tree or two obscured, rather than concealed, their *tete-a-tete*, as they halted their horses to bid adieu.

"Fare ye weel, Jenny," said Cuddie, with a loud exertion of his lungs, intended perhaps to be a sigh, but rather resembling

the intonation of a groan,—"Ye'll think o' puir Cuddie sometimes—an honest lad that lo'es ye, Jenny; ye'll think o' him now and then?"

"Whiles—at brose-time," answered the malicious damsel, unable either to suppress the repartee or the arch smile which attended it.

Cuddie took his revenge as rustic lovers are wont, and as Jenny probably expected,—caught his mistress round the neck, kissed her cheeks and lips heartily, and then turned his horse and trotted after his master.

"De'il's in the fallow," said Jenny, wiping her lips and adjusting her head-dress, "he has twice the spunk o' Tam Halliday, after a'.—Coming, my leddy, coming—Lord have a care o' us, I trust the auld leddy didna see us!"

"Jenny," said Lady Margaret, as the damsel came up, "was not that young man who commanded the party the same that was captain of the popinjay, and who was

afterwards prisoner at Tillietudlem on the morning Claverhouse came there?"

Jenny, happy that the query had no reference to her own little matters, looked at her young mistress, to discover, if possible, whether it was her cue to speak truth or not. Not being able to catch any hint to guide her, she followed her instinct as a lady's-maid, and lied.

"I dinna believe it was him, my leddy," said Jenny, as confidently as if she had been saying her catechism; "he was a little black man, that."

"You must have been blind, Jenny," said the Major; "Henry Morton is tall and fair, and that youth is the very man."

"I had ither thing ado than be looking at him," said Jenny, tossing her head; "he may be as fair as a farthing candle, for me."

"Is it not," said Lady Margaret, "a blessed escape which we have made, out of the hands of so desperate and blood-thirsty a fanatic?"

"You are deceived, madam," said Lord Evandale; "Mr Morton merits such a title from no one, but least from us. That I am now alive, and that you are now on your safe retreat to your friends, instead of being prisoners to a real fanatical homicide, is solely and entirely owing to the prompt, active, and energetic humanity of this young gentleman."

He then went into a particular narrative of the events with which the reader is acquainted, dwelling upon the merits of Morton, and expatiating on the risk at which he had rendered them these important services, as if he had been a brother instead of a rival.

"I were worse than ungrateful," he said, "were I silent on the merits of the man who has twice saved my life."

"I would willingly think well of Henry Morton, my Lord," replied Major Bellenden; "and I own he has behaved handsomely to your Lordship and to us; but I cannot have the same allowances which it

pleases your Lordship to entertain for his present courses."

"You are to consider," replied Lord Evandale, "that he has been partly forced upon them by necessity; and I must add, that his principles, though differing in some degree from my own, are such as ought to command respect. Claverhouse, whose knowledge of men is not to be disputed, spoke justly of him as to his extraordinary qualities, but with prejudice, and harshly, concerning his principles and motives."

"You have not been long in learning all his good qualities, my Lord," answered Major Bellenden. "I, who have known him from boyhood, could, before this affair, have said much of his good principles and good-nature; but as to his high talents"—

"They were probably hidden, Major, even from himself, until circumstances called them forth; and, if I have detected them, it was only because our intercourse and conversation turned on momentous

and important subjects. He is now labouring to bring this rebellion to an end, and the terms he has proposed are so moderate, that they shall not want my hearty recommendation."

"And have you hopes," said Lady Margaret, "to accomplish a scheme so comprehensive?"

"I should be, madam, were every whig as moderate as Morton, and every loyalist as disinterested as Major Bellenden. But such is the fanaticism of both parties, that I fear nothing will end this civil war save the edge of the sword."

It may be readily supposed, that Edith listened with the deepest interest to this conversation. While she regretted that she had expressed herself harshly and hastily to her lover, she felt a conscious and proud satisfaction that his character was, even in the judgment of his generous rival, such as her own affection had once spoke it.

"Civil feuds and domestic prejudices,"

she said, " may render it necessary for me to tear his remembrance from my heart, but it is no small relief to know assuredly, that it is worthy of the place it has so long retained."

While Edith was thus retracting her unjust resentment, her lover arrived at the camp of the insurgents, near Hamilton, which he found in considerable confusion. Certain advices had arrived that the royal army, having received the recruits which they expected from England, were about to take the field. Fame magnified their numbers and their high state of equipment and discipline, and spread abroad other circumstances which dismayed the courage of the insurgents. What favour they might have expected from Monmouth, was likely to be intercepted by the influence of those associated with him in command. His Lieutenant-general was the celebrated General Thomas Dalzell, who, having practised the art of war in the then barbarous country of Russia, was as much feared for his cruelty and indifference to

human life and human sufferings, as respected for his steady loyalty and undaunted valour. This man was second in command to Monmouth, and the horse were commanded by Claverhouse, burning with desire to revenge the death of his nephew, and his defeat at Drumclog. To these accounts were added the most formidable and terrific description of the train of artillery and the cavalry force with which the royal army took the field; and every rumour tended to increase the apprehension among the insurgents, that the king's vengeance had only been delayed in order that it might fall more certain and more heavy.

Morton endeavoured to fortify the minds of the common people by pointing out the probable exaggeration of these reports, and by reminding them of the strength of their own situation, with an unfordable river in front, only passable by a long and narrow bridge. He called to their remembrance their victory over Claverhouse when their numbers were few, and then much worse disciplined and appointed for battle than

now, shewed them that the ground afforded, by its undulation and the thickets which intersected it, considerable protection against artillery, and even against cavalry, if stoutly defended; and that their safety, in fact, depended on their own spirit and resolution.

But while Morton thus endeavoured to keep up the courage of the army at large, he availed himself of these discouraging rumours to endeavour to impress on the minds of the leaders the necessity of proposing to the government moderate terms of accommodation, while they were still formidable as commanding an unbroken and numerous army. He pointed out to them, that, in the present humour of their followers, it could hardly be expected that they would engage, with advantage, the well-appointed and regular force of the Duke of Monmouth; and that, if they chanced to be defeated and dispersed, the insurrection in which they had engaged, so far from being useful to the country, would be rendered the apology for oppressing it

more severely. Pressed by these arguments, and feeling it equally dangerous to remain together, or to dismiss their forces, most of the leaders readily agreed, that if such terms could be obtained as had been transmitted to the Duke of Monmouth by the hands of Lord Evandale, the purpose for which they had taken up arms would be, in a great measure, accomplished. They then entered into similar resolutions, and agreed to guarantee the petition and remonstrance which had been drawn up by Morton. On the contrary there were still several leaders, and those men whose influence with the people exceeded that of persons of more apparent consequence, who treated every proposal of treaty which did not proceed on the basis of the Solemn League and Covenant of 1640, as utterly null and void, impious, and unchristian. These men diffused their feelings among the multitude, who had little foresight, and nothing to lose, and persuaded many that the timid counsellors who recommended peace upon terms short of the dethronement of

the royal family, and the declared independence of the church with respect to the state, were cowardly labourers, who were about to withdraw their hands from the plough, and despicable trimmers, who sought only a specious pretext for deserting their brethren in arms. These contradictory opinions were fiercely argued in each tent of the insurgent army, or rather in the huts and cabins which served in the place of tents. Violence in language often led to open quarrels and blows, and the divisions into which the army of sufferers was rent served as too plain a presage of their future fate.

END OF VOLUME THIRD.

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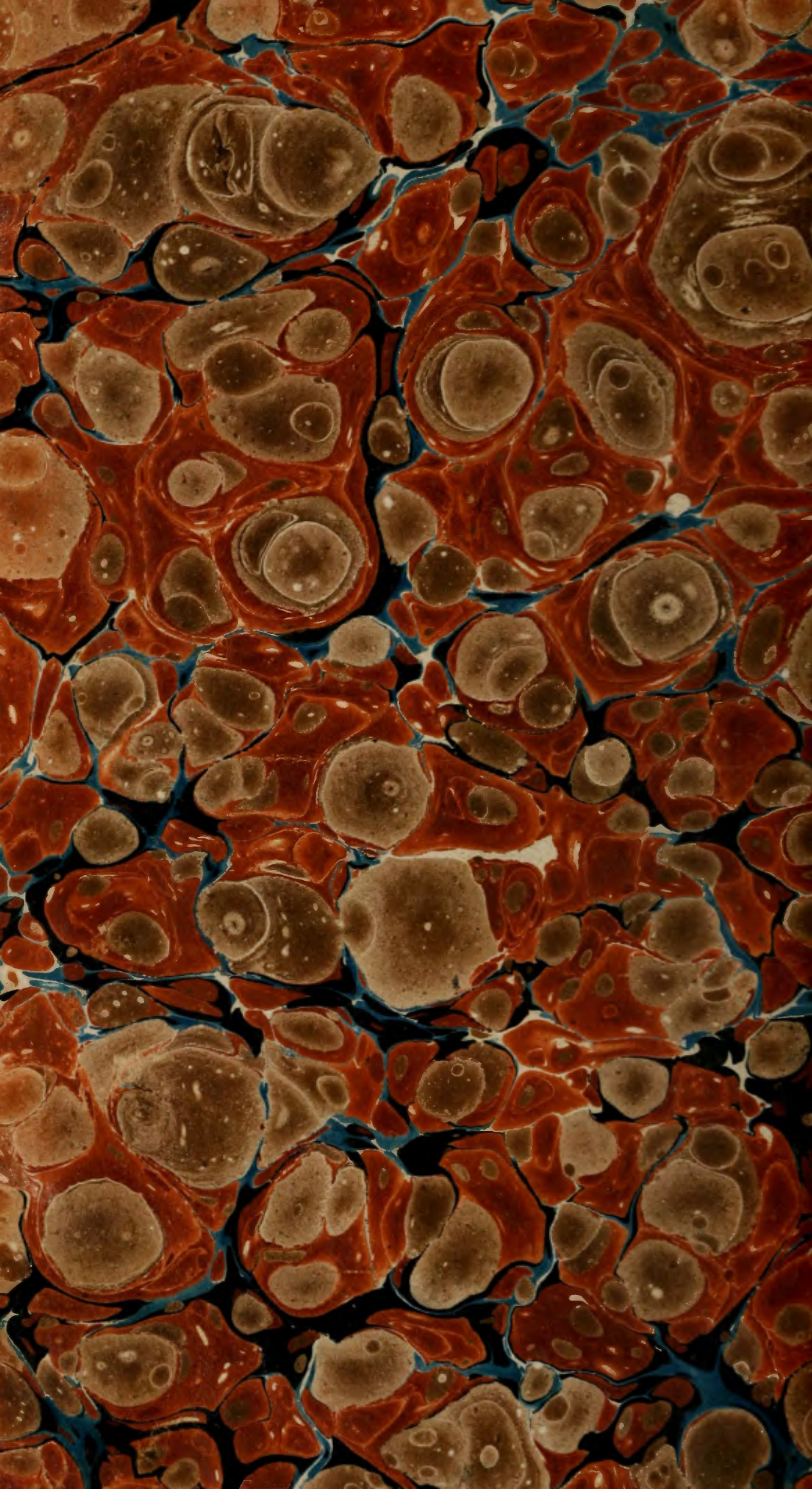

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